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The Listener

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'Couple', by Jacques de Bellange: from the exhibition of sixteenth and seventeenth century theatre design at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, London (see page 762)

In this number:

The Government's Policy in the Middle East (Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden)
The Case Against the Government (Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell)

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The Listener

Vol. LVI. No. 1441

Thursday November 8 1956

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The Government's Policy in the Middle East

By the Rt. Hon. SIR ANTHONY EDEN, the Prime Minister

I KNOW that you would wish me, as Prime Minister, to talk to you tonight* on the problem which is in everybody's mind; and to tell you what has happened, what the Government has done, and why it has done it. To look at the matter quietly and thoughtfully together is not to deny our emotions and our differences. But for the moment let us forget our passions and our parties. Let us look at our problem in the light of our country's needs and dangers. Let us look at it together, as fellow countrymen.

First, the background. For ten years there has been fighting and trouble and turmoil in the Middle East. Again and again passions have come to the boil. There have been raids and counter-raids, and shooting and more shooting. Ever since the uneasy armistice of 1949—Israel and the Arab States—Egypt has been insisting that she is still at war with Israel. Again and again the United Nations has tried to bring settlement and peace, but with the best will in the world it has failed. And all the time, heaven knows, this country has worked tirelessly for agreement.

We have tried, for example, to prove our desire for friendship with Egypt. We made an agreement and withdrew from the Canal zone. We made another agreement with Egypt about the Sudan. We hoped that these would lead to a new spirit in our relations with Egypt. Some people say we have gone much too far in

conciliation; that we gave up too much; that we have been weak where we should have been strong.

Be that as it may, we have certainly gone to the limit in our efforts for friendship. All those friendly approaches have failed. It is no use blinking that fact. You have only to read the Egyptian Government's own statement of what it intends to do: its words—not mine. Let me give you two examples. The first refers to Israel: 'There will be no stability until this small but vile state is stifled'. A second example comes nearer home: 'We must not in any circumstances lose sight of our goal—to fight the British serpent and to expel it utterly from our lands'; and 'lands', of course, means the whole of the Middle East. That has been the Egyptian mood. The Egyptian threat—openly and publicly proclaimed.

But deeds speak even louder than words. We have seen the purchase of arms from behind the Iron Curtain; and in early August, when Colonel Nasser seized the Canal, Mr. Gaitskell called the threats to Israel 'clear notice of aggression to come'. He went on to say: 'It's all very familiar—it's exactly the same as we encountered from Mussolini and Hitler in those years before the war'. Strong words—but justified: no wonder Israel was worried. Then, a few days ago, came the entry of Israeli troops into Egypt. Was that a dangerous situation? Was it likely to lead to a widespread flare-up in the Middle East? In the judgement of the Government,

* Broadcast on November 3 in the Television, Home, Light, and General Overseas Service of the B.B.C.

it was. Was it likely to endanger widespread British and international interests? It was.

It is possible to go on arguing who was the aggressor. Was it Israel because she crossed the frontier? Or was it Egypt for what she had done before? But that is not the real issue for us. If you see afar, the first question is not how it started, but how to put it out. The hard and inescapable fact was that here was a situation likely to inflame the whole Middle-East, with all that this would mean. That, in the Government's view, was the fact of the situation: a grim, hard fact; a reality which no words could alter.

As a Government we have had to wrestle with the problem of what action we should take. So have our French friends. The burden of that decision was tremendous but inescapable. In the depths of our conviction we decided that here was the beginning of a forest fire, of immense danger to peace. We decided that we must act and act quickly.

Police Action

What should we do? We put the matter to the Security Council. Should we have left it to them? Should we have been content to wait to see whether they would act? How long would this have taken? And where would the forest fire have spread in the meantime? Would words have been enough? What we did do was to take police action at once: action to end the fighting and to separate the armies. We acted swiftly, and reported to the Security Council, and I believe that before long it will become apparent to everybody that we acted rightly and wisely.

Our friends inside the Commonwealth, and outside, could not in the very nature of things be consulted in time. You just cannot have immediate action and extensive consultation as well. But our friends are coming—as Australia and New Zealand have already done and I believe that Canada and the United States will soon come—to see that we acted with courage and speed, to deal with a situation which just could not wait.

There are two things I would ask you never to forget. We cannot allow—we could not allow—a conflict in the Middle East to spread; our survival as a nation depends on oil and nearly three-quarters of our oil comes from that part of the world. As a Labour Member of Parliament, speaking in support of the Government, put it: 'To be without oil is to see our industries grind to a standstill and starvation overtake the people'. Yes, chaos in the Middle East could permanently lower the standard of life in this country and in Europe, as well as in many poorer countries in the world.

The other reflection is this. It is a personal one. All my life I have been a man of peace, working for peace, striving for peace, negotiating for peace. I have been a League of Nations man and a United Nations man, and I am still the same man, with the same convictions, the same devotion to peace. I could not be other, even if I wished, but I am utterly convinced that the action we have taken is right.

The Mood of 'Peace at any Price'

Over the years I have seen, as many of you have, the mood of peace at any price: many of you will remember that mood in our own country and how we paid for it. Between the wars we saw things happening which we felt were adding to the danger of a great world war. Should we have acted swiftly to deal with them—even though it meant the use of force? Or should we have hoped for the best and gone on hoping and talking—as in fact we did?

There are times for courage, times for action—and this is one of them—in the interests of peace. I do hope we have learned the lesson. Our passionate love of peace, our intense loathing of war have often held us back from using force even at times when we knew in our heads, if not in our hearts, that its use was in the interests of peace. And I believe with all my heart and head—that both are needed—that this is a time for action, effective and swift. Yes, even by the use of some force in order to prevent the forest fire from spreading—to prevent the horror and devastation of larger war.

The Government knew, and they regretted it, that this action would shock and hurt some people: the bombing of military targets, and military targets only; it is better to destroy machines on the ground than let them destroy people from the air. We have to think of our troops and of the inhabitants of the towns and villages. Above all, it was our duty to act and act swiftly, for only by such action could we secure peace.

We learn that the Israeli forces have captured the Egyptian Army in Sinai. We learn, too, that the United Nations Truce Organisation is trying to arrange contact between the two sides to establish terms of surrender. We hope that this Organisation will be able to arrange for all the captured Egyptians to return to Egypt. We shall certainly give them all the help we can in this. It seems that Israel has succeeded in destroying the bases in Sinai and Gaza, in which Egyptian Commando raiders were trained to attack Israel. Once British and French forces have occupied the key points on the Canal, Her Majesty's Government will ensure that the Israeli forces withdraw from Egyptian territory. I have no doubt that is their intention, but they will not do so unless we are there to keep the peace, to give the necessary guarantees to prevent a repetition of these events.

The Government's Aims

So finally, my friends, what are we seeking to do? First and foremost, to stop the fighting, to separate the armies, and to make sure that there is no more fighting. We have stepped in because the United Nations could not do so in time. If the United Nations will take over this police action we shall welcome it. Indeed, I proposed that course to them. And police action means not only to end the fighting now but also to bring a lasting peace to an area which for ten years has lived, or tried to live, under constant threat of war.

Until there are United Nations forces there, ready to take over, we and the French must go on with the job—until the job is done. All this could mean—let us hope and pray it does—that outcome will be not only peace in the Middle East, but a strengthened United Nations, one with power to act as well as to talk—a real force for peace in the world.

'SCIENCE AND THE NATION'

by Sir Edward Appleton, F.R.S.

The Reith Lectures for 1956

will be published in THE LISTENER
beginning next week

The Case Against the Government

By the Rt. Hon. HUGH GAITSKELL, Leader of the Opposition

IT has been a tragic, terrible week: indeed, a tragic and terrible day*, with the news coming in about Hungary. It has been, I think, by far the worst week, for the world and for our country, since 1939. Last Monday evening came the news of the Israeli attack on Egypt. Israel had been threatened and provoked—she was entitled to better guarantees of her security. But there is no denying that the large-scale invasion of Egypt was an act of aggression.

What Should We Have Done?

I am not going to try to apportion the blame—that is really the job of the United Nations. But what should we have done? That is the real question. The Prime Minister says we could not afford to wait; we had to act, he said, immediately, on our own, before the Security Council could decide or do anything. Yet what are the facts? By Tuesday evening, even before the twelve-hour ultimatum to Egypt had expired, the Council had met, reached a clear decision, and been blocked by the Prime Minister's own veto. There was no lack of speed here: the trouble was obstruction—obstruction by Great Britain.

What should we have done? If only we had supported that resolution, and followed it up by proposing that a United Nations police force should see that the resolution was carried out, we could have offered to be part of the police force ourselves. This would not have been intervening on one side or the other; this would not have been acting on our own; this would not have been an act of aggression. We should have been acting on behalf of the United Nations, with their full authority, and with world opinion behind us. But this is not what happened. Something quite different happened. Having rejected the United Nations resolution, we carried out our threats—we went to war with Egypt.

Make no mistake about it: this is war—the bombing, the softening up, the attacks on radio stations, telephone exchanges, railway stations, to be followed, very, very soon now, by the landings and the fighting between ground forces.

We are doing all this alone, except for France: opposed by the world, in defiance of the world. It is not a police action; there is no law behind it. We have taken the law into our own hands. That is the tragic situation in which we British people find ourselves tonight. We would all have thought it inconceivable a week ago.

No Rescue Operation

Why was it done? The Prime Minister justifies it on these grounds: first of all, he says, to protect British lives and property. But there has been no rescue operation. Instead, to tell the truth, thousands of British civilians now living in Egypt have been put in grave danger because of what we have done.

The Prime Minister says it was to safeguard the Canal and the free passage through it. What has happened to the Canal? It is blocked because of what we have done. Was the Canal indeed ever really menaced before we began bombing? I very much doubt it. There is no evidence to show that it was. I am afraid the real reason for going to war with Egypt was different. I have seen the

text of the first broadcast of the Allied Command to the Egyptians. This is what it said—in Arabic, of course: 'Oh Egyptians, why has this befallen you? First, because Abdul Nasser went mad and seized the Suez Canal'. The broadcast was right—it was this which really induced the Prime Minister to decide on invasion.

The Prime Minister has said we were going in to separate the two sides, but you do not separate two armies by bombing airfields and landing troops a hundred miles behind one side only. No, this is a second onslaught on a country which was already the victim of an attack.

Now a new idea has been put forward: the idea that we are going in to make way for a United Nations force. But nothing was said about this in the ultimatum to Egypt. Nothing was said about this at the Security Council. If this was the Government's plan, why on earth did they not put it forward before? Why did they not propose it right at the beginning, accepting the rest of the Security Council's resolution as I suggested earlier? I will tell you why they did not do this. If the Prime Minister had agreed to this Britain would not have been able to occupy the Canal; for the idea of the United Nations police force, proposed by Canada yesterday, is quite different. It would not give us control of the Canal: it has another aim—the aim of keeping the Israeli and Arab forces within their own frontiers, of patrolling the borders of Israel and the Arab States; and these are one hundred miles from the Canal.

Dismay and Anxiety

What are the consequences of all this? A profound shock of dismay and a deep sense of anxiety among millions of people, at home and all over the world. The Assembly resolutions of the United Nations, messages pouring in from everywhere, confirm the general opinion that Britain and France used the attack on Egypt by Israel as a bare-faced excuse to seize the Canal. That they are now doing what they wanted to do in August and September but were stopped from doing by public opinion at that time.

What are the consequences? We have violated the Charter of the United Nations. In doing so we have betrayed all that Great Britain has stood for in world affairs. Since the war, at least, we have supported every stand against aggression. We did so in the Korean war; we played our part, and we were absolutely right. This was a case of self-defence, collective defence, allowed under the Charter, endorsed unanimously by the Security Council of the United Nations. But today we stand as the aggressors.

What are the consequences? A deep, deep division in the Commonwealth—only Australia and New Zealand support us. Canada and South Africa have abstained. India, Pakistan, and Ceylon are all against us. This is a very grave consequence. For I believe, as do millions of others, that this Commonwealth of ours was—and could have been—the greatest force for peace and unity in the world: above all, a bridge between East and West, of incalculable value. That bridge is now almost destroyed.

What are the consequences? I cannot but feel, hearing today's heartbreaking news from Hungary, how tragic it is, at the very moment when the whole world should be united in denouncing

this flagrant, ruthless, savage aggression by Russia against a liberty-loving people, that we, by our criminal folly, should have lost the moral leadership of which we were once so proud.

Here at home the Government policy of war with Egypt has produced terrible heart-searchings. The Archbishop of Canterbury has led a deputation, of all denominations of the Churches, to the Government. The all-party United Nations Association has denounced the policy in strong terms. Men and women in all walks of life, of all parties and all faiths, have expressed their deep concern. Mr. Nutting, the Minister of State, whose job was specially concerned with United Nations affairs, has resigned from the Government because he thinks the policy is indefensible.

This is not a Labour Party matter; it touches the whole nation—all those who care for the rule of law in international affairs and wanted to see it triumph; all those who put their faith in and worked for the United Nations and its Charter, who accepted that it was not our job, in all these vital issues, to decide for ourselves, but to accept the decisions of the United Nations; all those who care for the good name of our country.

Many of you will be saying, I am sure, 'Now what can we do about it?' Many of you who feel just as strongly as I do how terribly wrong this whole policy has been and how terribly dangerous, in the long run, to our own security. I do not think there is any doubt as to what the policy should be now. We should, surely, without qualification, argument, or conditions, accept the resolution of the Assembly of the United Nations calling for an immediate cease-fire. Egypt has already said that she accepts this resolution. There is reason to believe that Israel will accept the

cease-fire also. Why should not Britain and France do likewise? We should do something else. We should also give full support to the new resolution on which we abstained today, for a United Nations force to police the Arab-Israel borders until a proper peace settlement has been reached.

But—make no mistake—this means abandoning the idea which has been at the root of this policy: the idea of trying to solve the Suez Canal problem by force. It means going back to negotiating—to negotiating a settlement on this issue. I do not believe the present Prime Minister can carry out this policy. I bear him no ill-will. We have been personally quite friendly. But his policy this last week has been disastrous; and he is utterly, utterly discredited in the world. Only one thing now can save the reputation and the honour of our country. Parliament must repudiate the Government's policy. The Prime Minister must resign.

The Labour Party cannot alone achieve this. We are a minority in the House of Commons. So the responsibility rests with those Conservatives who, like us, are shocked and troubled by what is happening and who want a change. I appeal to them especially. Theirs in a difficult decision, but I want to say to them that our purpose, too, in this matter, rises above party. I give them indeed this pledge: we undertake to support a new Prime Minister in halting the invasion of Egypt, in ordering the cease-fire, and complying with the decisions and recommendations of the United Nations. In that way only, believe me, can the deep divisions in the country on this matter be closed.

I appeal to those who can bring this about, to act now and save the reputation of our country and the future peace of the world.

The Indian Revolution

The Changes in Indian Society

The second of three talks by K. M. PANIKKAR

THREE months ago I visited my village home in the former Princely State of Travancore. The village is almost inaccessible, as it is situated in a waterlogged area of the state. The occasion which took me there was a festive one, the marriage of my niece which was being celebrated in the traditional manner. On the evening of the marriage there was a *kathakali* performance, the classical ballet which is customary on such occasions. A surprise awaited me when I came to watch it. Most of the front seats were occupied by children and young folk whose faces seemed unfamiliar. On enquiry I was told that they were the children of the people who were formerly described as untouchables. Looking round, I could see their elders standing respectfully at a distance. When I remembered that less than six years ago it would have caused a riot if any one of them had so much as entered the outer court of the house, I realised for the first time the extent of the social revolution that had almost imperceptibly taken place in India.

How was it possible for such a far-reaching change to take place without any violent upheaval, with the outside world being hardly aware of it? It was known that the Constitution had formally abolished untouchability, that in the central and provincial cabinets important portfolios were held by men who were classed as untouchables before, that in all elected bodies, from the national parliament to the village councils, these classes were represented by elected members; but outsiders have been sceptical of how long this will last and of how deep it goes into the heart of ordinary society. I myself had no idea that the reform and the spirit of the reform had penetrated to far-off villages like my own. The fact is that Indian society, like the wall of Jericho, was only awaiting a bugle call for it to fall down.

For more than 100 years *pax britannica* had helped to maintain the

class structure, cut through and intersected by a caste hierarchy, which was the distinct characteristic of Hindu life. As late as the nineteen twenties Indian society would have appeared to an outside observer a placid and static, and in the main undisturbed by outside currents. Underneath, however, vast changes were taking place and they swelled up to the surface with startling suddenness with the national movement led by Mahatma Gandhi. This prolonged struggle over thirty years in one sense sharpened the conflicts in Indian society, but in a deeper sense it released the long-pent-up forces in the life of India. The emancipation of the 40,000,000 whom Hindu society had stigmatised as untouchable was one of the major aims of Mr. Gandhi's movement. Equally he had championed the full participation of women in the national struggle. In the Congress movement itself Mr. Gandhi insisted on a complete equality of sexes. By the time of independence two generations of women had gone through the different phases of non-co-operation cheerfully going to gaol in their thousands and accepting every hardship. A third feature of the national movement which also had tremendous consequences was its opposition to the princely states and to the land holding system under which, in some of the major areas of India, land was concentrated in the hands of a few.

In brief, the national movement, especially by its prolonged character allowed the new forces in Indian society to gain strength and to become generally accepted. So that immediately after independence India was able not only to change the pattern of society but to base her democratic life on new social foundations, without having to face an active opposition from any organised group.

The constitution of India abolished untouchability and made it practice a penal offence. It proclaimed the equality of women and recognised their equal right with men to employment in public services. Mor-

important than even these special provisions, by enfranchising the entire population and vesting the right to vote in every man and woman, the Constitution placed in the hands of the masses, already awakened to their rights by thirty years of agitation, the power to enforce its own programme for social and economic justice. The result has been a massive and large-scale reorganisation of Indian social life by the three concurrent processes of legislation, democratic action at different levels of public life, and economic activity.

The legislative activity of the state meant to bring about social democracy was along three main lines. The first was the abolition of large-scale landholdings and feudal tenure. One of the most important features of the Indian Constitution was the annexation of the princely states which constituted very nearly half of the territory of the Indian Union, and which had at all times had a strong monarchical tradition and whose society was in the main organised on a feudal basis. This annexation was not done by formal enactment. It was done by the introduction of a democratic system of government. You could say that it was allowed to swell up from the bottom. This altered the social structure, especially as in all the provinces of the Indian Union the *Zamindari* and *Jagirdari* systems were abolished by law, dispensing with the intermediaries between the peasants and the state.

The New Inheritance Law

Another group of legislative measures was meant directly to change the social structure; for example, the laws providing for equal property rights for women and for the rights of civil marriage and divorce. The new inheritance law in effect breaks up the joint family and frees women from dependence on men. The marriage and divorce laws strike at the very root of caste society. The strength of the caste system in India was based on the prohibition of marriage outside caste groups, and the new legislation giving full legal validity to inter-caste marriages directly attacks the caste system.

Thirdly, provincial legislation dealing with religious endowments and charitable institutions, which in the past had been in the hands of the higher castes, has vested power in elected boards without reference to caste or status, and this again has helped to break the prestige and authority of caste society. In the former Princely State of Travancore, for example, the board in charge of temples and other religious institutions now contains members who until recently were not even allowed to enter the temple precincts.

It may justly be pointed out that legislation may, and often does, remain a dead letter, and it is here that democratic action has helped literally to revolutionise social life. Democracy in India works at all levels from the meanest village to the national parliament at the centre. Between the parliament in Delhi and the village council are district boards, municipalities, and provincial legislatures. All these are elected on adult franchise. The effects have been especially noticeable at the lowest level, that of the village. The traditional village council, an old-established institution in India, was dominated by the local landowner and the money-lender. But with the introduction of the principle of election based on adult franchise, the village councils underwent a transformation, especially as the national parties, the Congress, the communists and others began to participate directly in the village elections. Today in many of the villages in rural India it is not the landowner or the money-lender who runs the village councils, but members of what were once considered the lower classes. This tendency to replace the higher castes and the socially more important groups is noticeable, though to a lesser degree, in all elected bodies including provincial legislatures and the central parliament. For example, in the legislature of Madras State one of the most powerful groups comes from a widely distributed community of agricultural labourers known as the Padiyachis.

Less spectacular, but no less important, has been the effect of the policy of industrialisation followed by India after her independence. In the period before independence industrial development was confined to a few major towns, Bombay, Cawnpore, Calcutta, and Ahmedabad. The planned economy on which India embarked after her independence has had among its objectives a fair distribution of industry all over India. One of the great new steel plants, for example, is in the previously undeveloped tract of Orissa. Another is situated in a backward area in the former Central Provinces. This spreading out of industry has had radical effects upon Indian social structure. The caste system inevitably breaks down under the conditions of industrial life and the social pattern that emerges in industrialised areas is something totally

different from what Hindu society had known in the past. Not only in the larger cities like Calcutta, Bombay, and Cawnpore is the new social pattern noticeable, but in industrial colonies like Jamshedpur—the Tata Steel Centre—Chittaranjan, and Sindri.

In the Rural Communities

In the rural communities, also, new factors have been at work. There is a nation-wide programme of community projects and national extension services, grouping together blocks of villages for purposes of urbanisation and better life. This has been a major feature of India's planning during the last five years and is a conscious effort to remodel life in India's villages. Under new democratic leadership these projects now cover every aspect of rural life—better sanitation and living conditions, modern amenities, welfare of women and children—in more than 80,000 villages. The most important feature of this programme is not its objectives but its method. The emphasis is on local leadership, though the Government provides trained guidance. The development of local leadership at the village level, outside the classes which claimed it in the past as a result of rank or caste, changes the whole structure of village society.

The eclipse of the great power and interest groups is nowhere illustrated better than in Rajputana, the classic land of feudalism and caste immobility. Here, till 1947, the Rajput nobles enjoyed special social, political, and economic privileges. In many states the untouchables were not admitted in schools. Strict seclusion of women was enforced among the higher classes. Today in the Government of Rajasthan there is not a single Rajput Minister. Those who were but ten years ago considered untouchables today sit in parliament and in offices of authority. Again, in the great State of Madras, for so long the centre of orthodoxy, there is not a single Brahmin Minister in the Cabinet. The Chief Minister belongs to a community which suffered from social disabilities not very long ago. Women not only enjoy equal rights but play a prominent part in public life. In fact, in India as a whole there are perhaps more women holding public office today than in any western country. Not only in the Central Cabinet, but in all major provincial cabinets there are women holding positions of great responsibility. As vice-chancellors of universities, as ambassadors and diplomatic representatives, as Speakers of legislatures, they have taken an increasing share in the public life of the country.

I have not exaggerated the changes that have taken place in Indian society, though I freely admit that as an Indian I feel proud of them, and as a public man I should not belittle them even if I wished to do so. The changes are there for everyone to see. Much remains to be done, but my object in any case is to assess not the quantity but the quality of the changes, and to explain why it is that so much has been accomplished so rapidly. In the past, laws upheld ancient customs, British courts invested prevalent usages with legal authority. After an early attempt at social reform such as the abolition of *Sati*, the British Government in India for more than 100 years did not legislate on social matters, except under great pressure. By proclaiming a doctrine of religious neutrality, British rulers allowed Indian society to live under its own laws and customs without providing it with the normal machinery of social change. Independent India had therefore to bring about within as short a time as possible a modernisation which if it had slowly taken place during the British period side by side with political changes would have given India a different start.

An Unreal Fear?

Some people have asked whether India's democracy is strengthened by these changes or whether their very rapidity may not create a sense of social instability. They are people who suspect the value of adult franchise when it is conferred upon tribesmen and peasants, 'backward classes' who, it may be felt, are in no position to use the vote effectively. I think this fear is shown to be unreal by the fact that in the elections that have taken place to national and local bodies, it is the women and the so-called backward classes that have been most active in exercising their voting rights. That is one of the heartening features of Indian democracy. These classes have realised the power that has been placed in their hands, and also have awakened to their rights, and they take democracy seriously. This is more especially true in regard to provincial legislatures, because under the Federal Constitution of India the active government of the country is mainly with the provinces and not with the centre.

A significant thing which has not attracted in other countries the

attention it deserves is that there is no serious right-wing opposition in India, and it arises from this fact that the electoral power now vests in classes which are determined on radical social changes. The Indian National Congress itself has had cautiously to move to the left and proclaim its objective as a socialist pattern of society. The various right-wing organisations, the Hindu Mahasabha, the Jan Sangh (Peoples' Party) and so on, receive very little support from the electorate, because of the social urge behind the new classes which have the voting power. The awakening of the backward classes is the guarantee of India's democracy and progress.

On the other hand, it may well be asked would not all this stirring up of 'divine discontent' among educationally backward people open

the door to communism? If the bonds that had united society in the past are too rapidly destroyed would it not create a vacuum into which the Communists, with their allurements for the dispossessed, step in without difficulty, and would that not be the gravest danger to Indian democracy? The communist danger, of course, cannot be underrated, but there is one major factor which reduces if it does not altogether nullify it. If the dispossessed classes feel that they have the power of re-ordering society, and are afforded adequate opportunities of using that power, the appeal of communism is not likely to be serious. The test for Indian democracy is how it responds to social urges, and, so far, it is I think clear that the democratic leadership in India has shown sufficient awareness of this important fact.—*Third Programme*

The Human Problems of Africa

AUDREY RICHARDS concludes the series of talks on 'Aspects of Africa'

A NUMBER of social scientists have spoken in this African series. Some were anthropologists who had made intensive studies of the tribal societies of Africa. Others were sociologists who spoke about the problems of the African towns, such as Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, the copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia and Kampala in Uganda. Here they had to use the techniques of the social survey with which we are familiar in Britain. Several economists, a psychologist, a historian, a lawyer, and many others have spoken on problems which are obviously important and urgent for the whole development of Africa. You may well have asked yourself where this research was going on and how it was organised. You may have wondered whether these social studies can be put to any practical use. Are they going to be too abstruse for the ordinary administrator, politician, or industrialist who has to make the big decisions of policy on African development? Will the new knowledge and standards of objectivity get across to Africans while they are at the university and before they begin to control the destinies of their fellows?

'Social Research Has Lagged Behind'

It must be said at once that social research in Africa has lagged much behind the work done in the natural sciences. The same is obviously true of this country. The number of men and women studying social problems in Africa is pitifully few in relation to the size of the continent and to the social and economic revolutions that are taking place there. Social research in Britain is initiated and mainly organised by universities. In Africa, until recently, universities existed only in the Union, and these mostly date from the beginning of the century. In the whole of British East and Central Africa there are only two universities. Makerere College, which serves Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, reached the status of a University College only in 1949, and its first professor of social studies, an economist, was appointed this year. The new University College of the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland at Salisbury will open to students in March next year. Governments have research departments in medicine, agriculture, geology, and other forms of natural science, but government anthropologists have so far been appointed only in Tanganyika and very recently in Kenya. At a time when big decisions of economic policy are being made in Africa, some Governments are without economic departments or economic advisers. Who is there then to do the work?

Before the war social research in Africa was mainly done by anthropologists, who were attracted by the number and variety of African societies which had not been studied before. Here were cattle people, cultivators, and hunters; patrilineal tribes and matrilineal; tribes with kings and those without any form of centralised government. In the nineteen-thirties, when I started my own field-work, anthropological students made their own plans for work. They tried to obtain grants from some learned society, and they were often very small grants too. They picked a tribe which fascinated them from travellers' books or information, and they went when and where they pleased, without a 'five-year plan', a research team, a lorry, a tape-recorder, a cinema camera, or any of the equipment now thought necessary. When the money was exhausted the young anthropologist returned home, to teach if he or she was lucky, but often to hunt desperately for a job.

It was an exciting but a precarious life, and the conditions made planned research impossible.

Just before the war the situation changed. A permanent institute of social research, the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, was set up at Livingstone in 1938. It showed for the first time what could be done by a regional institute in the continuous planning of research. In 1940 parliament first voted a permanent fund for colonial research in all subjects under the Colonial Welfare and Development Act, and a Colonial Social Science Research Council was appointed to advise the Secretary of State on this field of work. One of its first acts was to recommend the Colonial Office to establish social research institutes to be attached to the new African universities then being planned. The East African Institute of Social Research started work at Makerere College in Uganda in 1950, and a West African Institute of Social and Economic Research at Ibadan in Nigeria in the same year. These institutes now have permanent staffs, and this makes it possible to plan research more systematically. The teaching staffs of the universities are also doing research and are beginning to train African students in the techniques of social study. The universities are thus acting as centres of African studies to which scholars from all over the world are attached. There is now, for instance, a steady flow of American scholars to East Africa.

A beginning has definitely been made, but there are special difficulties for the social scientist working in African territories. He or she will find that much of the basic data which would come readily to hand in this country is completely lacking. The first adequate census of the population of East Africa took place in 1948, but it is difficult to do a census of a population which is largely illiterate, and the methods used need much improvement. In many parts of Africa it is feared that a rapid increase of the population will cause an impossible pressure on land which is already densely occupied. But we do not always know how rapid this increase in the population is, or what it is going to be in the future. Plans for education, housing, and industry often have to be made on what is little more than a likely guess. Accurate maps of geographical features and land use are rarely available. In these circumstances the social researcher may find himself compelled to collect his own vital statistics. Often he has to make his own map before he can start work. In Britain you can usually take a random sample of the houses in a town for your survey by using a street map or a postal guide. It is almost impossible to do this in the huddle of huts that make an African slum.

Lack of Essential Data

The economist is in much the same position. He is used to making calculations on the basis of statistics provided for him by a government department or an industrial concern. In Africa he may have to collect his own information by question and answer. This is a new technique for him. The historian, too, must search for archives as a detective searches for clues. He sometimes finds important papers half-eaten by white ants in a disused government shed. His material may come from a forgotten missionary's diary or from documents in an African language which he cannot understand. The psychologist is also without essential basic data. He may want to use intelligence or aptitude tests on a section

of the population, but finds that these have not yet been standardised for use in the area in which he is working.

In these circumstances social research has to begin slowly. Its devotees must be men and women who like working on broad outlines rather than on small, highly specialised problems. They must have initiative, resource, and great patience. It is difficult not to get paralysed by the constant effort of choice. What is the most important thing to do first? To collect basic data so that others can follow and build on this foundation; or to tackle a particular problem which seems very urgent and on which administrators clamour for advice? I can remember a psychologist in East Africa saying to me ruefully: 'I get frightened when I remember that I am at the moment the only psychologist in East Africa. It is, after all, more than six times as big as Great Britain!'

The second difficulty for the social scientist working under African conditions is sheer unfamiliarity with the cultural background of the people he is studying. Africa is inhabited by at least 700 different tribes which speak different languages and follow different customs. Besides these groups there are many immigrants from different parts of India and other countries. The medical research man can arrive by air from London or New York and get to work in an East African laboratory next morning. He will find the same type of bench and much the same apparatus. But the social scientist has to get the background of a whole new culture before he can start work on a special problem, and he generally has to learn an African language as well. To become fluent in one of these he will take three to nine months. The anthropologist is not dismayed by this situation because he expects it. He is fascinated by tribal differences, otherwise he would have chosen another job. But the economist, the psychologist and others often have big adaptations to make if they are to work fruitfully under African conditions.

Town Life and Tribal Belief

It is often said that these difficulties will soon disappear, for an African working in a town differs little from any other wage earner in England or elsewhere. I think this is misleading. I have even found that in South Africa, Northern Rhodesia, and Uganda the strains of town life sometimes intensify tribal beliefs rather than obliterating them. A lonely African migrant in an urban area reaches out for help to a clan mate; an educated African has to observe his kinship obligations under very difficult modern conditions. In 1935 I wrote an article suggesting that the anxieties of the new competitive world actually led to an increase in belief in witchcraft in North Rhodesia, just in those areas where contact with Europeans was most constant. Twenty years later Professor Marwick told us in this series of talks that the same is true today in other areas as well*.

It is for all these reasons that social scientists in Africa have to soak themselves in a different cultural background before they can get to work, and that their results seem to come in so slowly. Would educated Africans get to work more quickly? In time I hope they will. At present there are few African social scientists. Medicine and law have a higher attraction for able Africans. Teachers, agricultural officers, and veterinary specialists are urgently needed. Politics claim some of the most brilliant in each generation and must continue to do so. But there are signs that where African nationalism is strongest, interest in African cultures grows and in Nigeria there are already two schemes which are under African direction for regional studies of history, ethnography, and economic development.

Another difficulty of organisation is the broad basis on which the work has to be planned in these pioneer days. For example, the East African Institute of Social Research is now engaged on a study of present-day African leadership in two areas where considerable economic development is going on—South Uganda and the Nyanza district of Kenya. The work was designed to find out how far the traditional leaders are adequate to the needs of the people in the modern world. Do these leaders command respect, as before, or have they been superseded by politicians, editors, wealthy business men, or even religious fanatics? To answer these questions it has been necessary to study the political history of each area, sometimes from documents and sometimes through the analysis of life-histories of old chiefs. Discussions with African leaders and peasants begin to show a pattern of political values which often differ markedly from our own. It has been necessary, too, to watch the working of councils and courts at all levels, from the centre of the district down to the simplest village meetings in wattle-and-daub huts. Economists have studied the beginnings of cotton cultivation and coffee planting, the new openings for trade, and the

growth of co-operative societies. Modern political movements have also been studied, the first elections in Buganda watched, and the vernacular press examined. The work has become very complex and has lasted already over three years. It is evidently a far cry from the early days of the single anthropologist's trip to the tribe of his choice.

The Practical Value

The human aspects of constitutional and technological changes are obvious to every serious administrator. Nevertheless few African governments seem yet to have learnt the best way of using their social scientists. Government departments want information on human problems, but they want it quickly and usually in a specific form: 'You had better do this', or 'Don't try that'. They are apt to complain that the social scientist stalls and refuses to give helpful answers; or that he promises only a tentative reply. Anyhow, the reply, when it comes is often in incomprehensible jargon and much too long for a busy man to read. 'Just give me the answer on a half sheet', I have often been begged. To which the anthropologist replies: 'Why didn't you ask me sooner? Research will not help you when Mau Mau is ravaging Kenya. If you want a snap answer to complex problems you must send for the witch-doctor, not for the scientist. As for jargon, I write for my own colleagues who are interested in elaborate comparisons of African social structures and therefore need a special vocabulary. I will write more readable reports if you tell me what you want and if you will pay for it.'

Africans should also have an opportunity of reading the result of studies done on their own problems, and some are very keen to do so. In East Africa many Africans read easily in their own language but with difficulty in English. I was once asked by the people of a village where we had done a fertility survey why I had not shown them the results of all our questions. I said 'I did not think they would be interested in so many figures. But an old man got up slowly and said with great emphasis: 'There is nothing we cannot understand if we take a week, or a month, or even a year'. He sat down amid applause. I promised to bring them the results the next week. We met under a large tree with the four blackboards of the village school set up on easels. We took nearly two hours, but we explained every table in the report and showed the high infant mortality, the high rate of broken marriages, an unusual number of barren women, and many other facts about the village. The people asked us to have this printed in Luganda because, they said, 'these are things which we worry over every day'. The East African Institute is experimenting in small books written in the vernacular about research results, and it seems to me of the greatest importance that the practice should spread. The trouble is that it does not contribute to the research itself, and it does draw very much on the time and funds of the researchers.

Stimulating Informed Discussion

The social scientist can help, but not so much by providing *ad hoc* answers to questions, though this has been done, but by teaching and by writing books which will gradually educate the people in Britain and in Africa into an understanding of the social and economic processes which are going on there. He can stimulate an atmosphere of informed discussion. I have seen this happen in my own lifetime. There seems to me to be much more genuine effort to understand the social systems of African peoples and their economic and other difficulties than there was thirty years ago, and much less tendency to treat what they do as something irrational and silly—as just the product of that European invention, 'the African mind'.

So we get back to the point I made at the beginning, that is to say, the need for continuously organised research. The universities of Africa are making a beginning, and the social research institutes have started publishing. Last year saw the first meeting of an international conference on social sciences at Bukavu in the Belgian Congo, to discuss 'the human sciences', as the French call them. In fact there are developments within and affecting these sciences which thirty years ago seemed impossible. Yet within this same period the human problems of Africa have increased and intensified, constantly making new challenges to our research.—*Third Programme*

At the annual general meeting of the English Centre of P.E.N. held in London last Monday, Miss C. V. Wedgwood presiding, the text was read of an appeal for support in the cause of freedom broadcast from Budapest on behalf of the Hungarian P.E.N. by the Hungarian poet Geza Kepes. The meeting passed unanimously a resolution of 'sympathy and admiration for the writers of Hungary in their terrible ordeal'.

The Listener

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Intellectual Exercise

INTELLECTUAL exercises are always fascinating. There are several ways of enjoying them. The most difficult is to offer a daring generalisation and to hold to it in the teeth of all opposition with the aid of a variety of illustrations. Less difficult and more popular is to take someone else's generalisation and tear it to shreds. One such generalisation, no longer accepted, is that 'the Renaissance crossed the Alps and became the Reformation'. Another, mentioned by Mr. Frank Kermode, in the first of two Third Programme talks which we publish this week, is that the Renaissance was 'a great spiritual disaster'. Why the revival of learning, the spread of culture, and the flowering of the arts, which most ordinary people would consider to have constituted the apogee of our European civilisation should be deemed a disaster, is hard to imagine. It could only be so, one supposes, on the grounds that it did in fact pave the way for the Protestant Reformation and that this in turn divided Europe and, in the long run, helped to undermine Christianity. However, Mr. Kermode does not discuss this wide question in any detail. His concern is with a suggestion of Mr. T. S. Eliot (which he has since qualified) that at some time during the seventeenth century there was an intellectual catastrophe when a 'dissociation of sensibility' set in among poets. For men like John Donne (and presumably Shakespeare?), if one understands the argument aright, life and religion and art were all of a piece. They felt their thoughts: 'thought was an experience'. Donne, who was an Anglo-Catholic, wrote a different kind of poetry from, say, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was not. To contrast the poetry of Donne and George Herbert with that of Pope and Addison is to realise the transformation that occurred in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Kermode has little trouble in arguing against this theory or in destroying what he calls 'a powerful new myth'. On the other hand, it may well be considered that Mr. Eliot is not wrong in supposing that a great change in the intellectual atmosphere did occur in England in the seventeenth century. Politically, of course, nobody today would suppose that the Civil War was a mere backwater. Possibly it may be contended—Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper has recently done so—that the Civil War achieved little. But against this one can see that Parliament did wax in power (as compared with the time of Queen Elizabeth I), that the Stuart monarchy was defeated in its absolutist ambitions, that toleration was gradually established, nonconformity created and accepted, and the medieval political economy transformed. For all its faults the early Royal Society accepted the research attitude of mind in a more real sense than Francis Bacon did. And even if Isaac Newton was also a Christian theologian, his mathematical discoveries ensured that the domination of medieval Aristotelianism in the world of science would be destroyed for ever.

It is hard to deny, therefore, that a vast change did come over our intellectual world in the seventeenth century: science made its impact upon religion: with the ending of the Thirty Years' War and the Civil Wars in England religious wars became a thing of the past: men became more realistic and more tolerant; poets wrote in the tones of Butler and Pope instead of those of Donne and Milton. To many Christians, and especially to Catholics, this change may be seen as a disaster. To some historians (Spengler, for example, and perhaps Dr. Toynbee) it has seemed that since the late sixteenth century our civilisation has entered upon a period of decline. To others, the more optimistic or more secular, the rise of science and of toleration cannot be held to be a disaster. The subject is important and exciting; but at best, one wonders, is it not simply an intellectual exercise?

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Hungary and Egypt

SOON AFTER THE concerted attack by Soviet troops and tanks on the city of Budapest, Moscow home service broadcast a lengthy comment on the situation in Hungary. It claimed that the Soviet people

cherish feelings of friendship for the fraternal Hungarian people. Millions of Soviet people are profoundly sympathetic towards the desire of the Hungarian workers that their Motherland should develop successfully as a free, sovereign, socialist state.

The commentator went on to declare that reactionary forces had taken advantage of the 'aspirations' of the Hungarian people to infiltrate into the country, and were being assisted by 'western imperialists' to

destroy socialist enterprises created by the labour of the people, raid state and public institutions and editorial offices of newspapers, make bonfires of books, kill workers, and commit criminal reprisals against Hungarian Communists and progressive public figures.

The commentator then made a direct attack on the Hungarian Prime Minister and his colleagues in the new Government:

Nagy, having acknowledged verbally the danger from counter-revolutionary instigators, in actual fact objectively proved to be an accomplice of the reactionary forces, which could not but complicate the situation in Budapest and in the whole country. The further course of events has shown that, making use of the direct connivance of the Imre Nagy Cabinet, reactionary forces in Hungary let themselves go still further. In these circumstances, it became abundantly clear that Imre Nagy cannot and does not want to wage a struggle against the dark forces of reaction.

A Polish broadcaster, dealing with this topic, said that the 'overwhelming majority of the people do not want a return to capitalism', but added that

at the moment they are not capable of differentiating between real socialism and Stalinism.

The hostilities between Israel and Egypt and the Anglo-French decision to intervene have been extensively commented upon by East and West alike. Soviet and satellite commentators have insisted that Britain and France have proceeded in collusion with Israel. This is what one Moscow home service speaker had to say:

It is quite obvious that Israel's aggression against Egypt is in fact another act by the Western Powers to support their armed invasion of Egypt with the object of compelling her to surrender over the Suez Canal issue. The allegations of the Western Powers' representatives that they are anxious about this aggression against Egypt are obvious humbug in the light of facts; press reports that they are preparing measures in conformity with the so-called Tripartite Declaration of 1950. It will be recalled that the declaration signed by the United States, Britain, and France envisages the adoption by the Three Powers of measures at their discretion, that is any arbitrary measures, including military intervention—in the Near East on the plea of preserving peace and stability in that region. So it is easy to see that the Western Powers are intending to avail themselves of Israel's aggression against Egypt and to use it as a pretext for open military intervention directed in the final analysis against the Arab States.

In India, the press is severe in its views, and *The Times of India* says that the treachery in which Britain and France have indulged is almost without parallel since the days of Hitler. The Australian newspaper, *The Sun*, welcomes the Anglo-French action and says:

After years of giving way to idealists and selling out to opportunists, it is heartening to find that Britain can still use action as well as words. For the first time since Nasser started trading words, the dwarf dictator has been shown that both Britain and France mean what they say and are not afraid. Whatever else may happen, their step will be richly redeemed if it brings ultimate stability to the world's most troubled fighting ground.

Finally, *The New York Times* tries to see both sides and says:

Because of the shock of the Israeli-British-French action, sentiment in the United Nations Assembly is turned against the three countries. But their action has been preceded by grave Egyptian provocations, which threatened the national existence of Israel and imperilled the Suez lifeline. If the military actions of Israel, Britain, and France are violations of the United Nations Charter, then so are the prior actions of Egypt. It would be a grave mistake for the General Assembly to consider the military actions of Israel, France, and Britain without also considering the whole Middle Eastern situation, and devising ways and means to establish firm peace in the Middle East.

Did You Hear That?

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AT NINETY-FOUR

A MESSAGE to nonagenarians was broadcast in the West of England Home Service from EDEN PHILLPOTTS, who was ninety-four on November 4. It was recorded during the summer. 'Life', he said, 'is a mixed grill for most of us, and the ugly saliences, which in our opinion we do not deserve, must be balanced against those red-letter days of happiness we did not deserve, either. But when it comes to the question of deserving, a vast field opens. There are those who consider that only a moiety of mankind ever deserve to be born at all, and that Mother Earth never deserved to be burdened with our species and its customs.'

'And now I will address my fellow nonagenarians with a parting word. I have marked among us a certain apathy, much to be regretted. Not only the normal hardening of the arteries appears to be responsible for this, but the channels of life seem to become blocked and barred; our apprehension grows dull; our familiar responses to environment seem to be withheld. It is as though Nature were pulling down the blinds, blowing out the candles, and bidding us go to sleep before the day is done. We relinquish without protest and make no further effort to acquire. We neither welcome good news, nor lament bad. Should we find some time-worn, lethargic blue-bottle drowsing in a ray of autumn sunshine and waiting for the first autumnal frost to pinch it off, we recognise a brother and feel disposed to join him and compare notes.'

'But these are odious and ignoble emotions, and we

must arm ourselves against them and strive to find some inspiration or hobby still beyond reach of our apathy to destroy. Do not let your curiosity perish, and on no account seek a hermit's cavern, or sever yourself from the Welfare State we hear so much about. Pay regard to your family circle, if you still possess one, and let your relations feel proud of you. Be a worthy museum piece in the show-rooms of humanity as long as you can. An old man may become twice a child, but there is no earthly reason why he should not be a good child—an active, reasonably intelligent, obedient, and patient child. Abstain from carping and censure: remember your opinions are now archaic to later generations, so bear with the chatter of youth and the babble of middle-age, recollecting that, when you were young, you talked the same sort of nonsense and did the same impulsive, silly things. Above all, keep your nerve and preserve the even tenor of your way. Granted we have to pay rather a stiff price for weight of years; but, so long as our lives are bearable, we should strive to make them bearable for others also.'

'Science has shown us how we can destroy our planet home and blow earth and ourselves back into cosmic dust if we decide to do so; but let science now turn from physical to psychical research and seek moral ways on which our spirits shall be purified, our humble reasoning powers quickened, and the gracious values of humanism made welcome until there sparkles for us the dew of a morning brighter than any that yet dawned upon the children of men'.

WITH A SIAMESE PASSPORT IN U.S.A.

Mr. F. Y. THOMPSON had once on his passport an official declaration in Siamese of the terms of his employment in the Royal Siamese Civil Service and an American identification card given him by the U.S. Legation in Bangkok. This, as he explained in a talk in the Home Service, caused confusion when he went to the United States. 'The immigration officer ticked off my quota-number on his master-sheet, then took another look at my card. "This you?" he said. The photograph in the card shows me as a lean and sun-tanned ex-Siamese Civil Servant, much less full in the face than the bulbous-jawed young Englishman in the passport. I did not want to have to go into my toothache in Czechoslovakia and my face-reducing activities in Siam since, so I just nodded. "But you're British, aren't you?"'

'Well, we sorted this out. Once the immigration officer realised I had come all the way from Siam formalities went by the board. There



In 'Radio Newsreel' David Wilson described the visit of the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet Company to a performance of 'Othello' at Stratford-upon-Avon, where they saw (pictured above, from left to right) Harry Andrews as Othello, Margaret Johnston as Desdemona, Andrew Faulds as Lodovico, and Emlyn Williams as Iago

was no third degree, no finger-prints, no blood-tests, no harking back to the third and fourth generation. He did not even use a rubber stamp. All he wanted to know was how I had made out in Siam. Had I seen any White Elephants? Had I seen King Whatsisname? He had been my employer, I had been paid from the Privy Purse. "You mean you was on his pay-roll?" he said, "Whadya know!" When he finally got down to business it could not have been simpler.

'I signed on the dotted line, but I just could not believe that legal entry into the United States was as uncomplicated as this. But this was it. I had been given the works. "You're in the U.S. now", he said, "an' nobody's gonna push you around. All you gotta do is don't do what I wouldn't do and keep clear of the cops".

'But, as it happened, I fell foul of the police the very next day. I was caught by a traffic cop. I had put a down payment of five dollars on a second-hand car and the dealer had stretched a point and allowed me to take it out for a trial. I had gone about half a mile when a policeman signalled me to draw in. I was driving on the right-hand side all right, and I could not imagine where I had gone wrong.'

'"Brake test", he said. He took the number of the car. "See that flag down there a-ways? Well, hit that at thirty and hold it there till you see the next flag. Then use what brakes you got. O.K.?"'

'The car was an old Ford, a genuine Tin Lizzie. It had not a speedometer, so when I got to the flag I held the throttle on what I thought was the thirty-mile-an-hour mark and was "proceeding according to instructions" when another flag popped up—literally. I found out afterwards it worked on a trip-wire. A concealed cop somewhere gave a yank on the wire and the flag shot up when you were not expecting it. My response was immediate, but the mechanism of the old Model T. Ford was too much for me. There were three pedals on the floorboards and I have only two feet. I trod on each pedal in turn, then on two at a time, I tried all the combinations, and I was hauling on the handbrake, forgetting that this acted as a gear or something when it was half-on, or was it half-off? The car stopped, but much too late. Another traffic policeman materialised and made a wide circle of disgust round the old Ford, then he put one foot on the running board and glared over the door. You know, Hollywood stuff. "Gimme", he said.'

'I guessed what he wanted, but I thought a little blun might help, so I produced my driving licence. When he had got it out of

the folds it looked as big as a road-map. "O.K.", he said, "I'll buy it". "It's my driving licence". More Hollywood stuff—stock-type traffic cop about to blow his top—then his expression changed. "Say that again, will ya?" "It's my driving licence. I'm from Siam". "A limey, huh?"

'He was not a dumb copper. He was probably Irish-American and anti-British. Anyway, he was quick on the draw. He had spotted me—an Englishman. "English, huh? Look, Little Lord Fontleroy, ya wouldn't be trying anything funny, would ya?" This was no time for bluffing, this was where I needed a stiff British upper lip. I got out my passport and showed him the Siamese visa and the American identification card. By this time I was holding up the traffic. The road was littered with cars and angry citizens blowing their horns. It was all right for them. They were 100 per cent Americans and their brakes and driving licences were in order. But Americans in cars are always in a hurry, and I was rather relieved when a police siren shut them up and a sinister black "See-dan" came zooming up. "Just you sit right there", my cop said, "I'm handling this". He slouched off with all my documentation in his hand. "Lamp that will ya?" I heard him say.

'Lamp was exactly right because the police lieutenant was wearing rimless glasses. They shone with a relentless gleam, like the glasses District Attorneys wear on the films. They are worn specially for habitual criminals. He lamped Exhibit A, my Siamese driving licence, he lamped exhibit B, my British passport, then he lamped my identification card. I sat in the Ford, quaking. In my mind I had already forfeited my five dollar deposit, but this was hardly worth mentioning: I had broken every regulation in the highway code: I had no brakes, I had no driving licence, I had no registration, I had no third-party insurance, I had no car. I could not even produce a receipt for my five dollars. Already I was imagining an all-American judge pronouncing sentence in an all-American voice, and the thought of an American penitentiary gave me the shivers. But I was wrong about the police-lieutenant's glasses. I could see now that they were alight with friendly interest. Siam to the rescue again. He could not have been nicer. "Well", he said, coming over, "Whadya know! Siam, eh? That's certainly a new one on me". He wanted to know how I had made out in Siam, and if I had been to Bali: he had always planned to take a trip through the Orient, he said. We had quite a visit, as they say in America. And where was I making for now? I told him a friend of mine in Bangkok had given me a letter to a girl in Baltimore and I was thinking of looking her up, driving right across the States to Maryland. He laughed and laughed. "Baltimore!" he said, "in that? Well, whadya know!"

'I never did get to Baltimore and I did not get to see the girl, but I did not go to gaol either. The police-lieutenant fixed that. He saw I got back the five dollar deposit on the old Ford and one of the cops in his section picked me out a real bargain. It was good transportation, he said. Of course, I had to have it registered and insured and I had to take out an American driving licence. But they did not impound the Siamese one: I gave it to the lieutenant as a souvenir'.

BOARDING SCHOOLS FOR ESKIMOS

In Canada, the authorities are considering building a chain of boarding schools for Eskimos. Up to the present, two have been opened, one in the extreme north of Canada, the other on the shores of Hudson Bay. RAY WOODAGE has recently returned from that part of the world, and in 'The Eye-witness' he described life in these Eskimo

boarding schools, and explained why they have come into being.

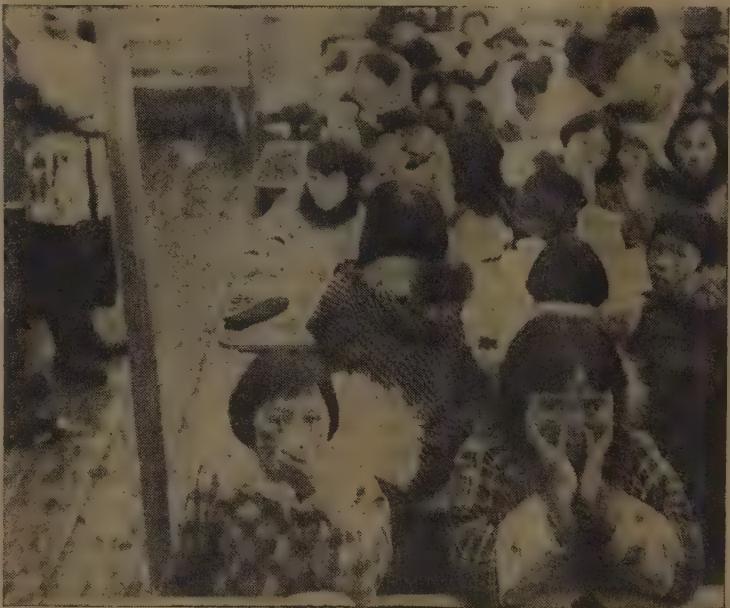
'Each term in these schools', he said, 'lasts for nearly six months, that is from May until the beginning of winter, when the children leave to accompany their parents on six months of hunting and trapping and living in igloos, in the way Eskimos have for unknown centuries. Civilisation is almost surging into the territories of the Eskimos. Many of them are being absorbed by it. They are being given a basic education in the Arctic's day schools and then being sent to the great cities of Canada and Alaska to be trained as doctors and nurses, lawyers and watch-repairers, hairdressers, and so on. Many of them are going back into the Arctic to work among their own people. Some Eskimos either have not the ability to enter the professions or trades, or just do not want to. They are fundamentally trappers and hunters, and accustomed to a nomadic way of life, roaming over the frozen barrens in search of caribou and other animals. What is going to happen when our civilisation catches up with them? It could do them harm, as it has done peoples in some other parts of the world, and the idea behind these new boarding schools is to teach the coming generation of Eskimos something about the white man's way of life, and at the same time to preserve their own way of life, in spite of our advance into their lands.'

'The result is a little incongruous. For example, children are taught English but encouraged to eat the foods to which they are accustomed raw meat, blubber, and so on. They are encouraged to play the games that Eskimo children have always played, and which they wear fur clothing, over which they put on coloured smocks when they are in school. They are taught elementary arithmetic and encouraged to practise the art and crafts of their people. The boys keep their hands at skinning animals, such as the Arctic white fox and polar bears, and the girls at making the pelts pliable and stitching them into clothes—work they may have to do when they leave school and return to their parents.'

'These children must look somewhat wide-eyed at what they see when they first arrive at the school at the Chesarfield settlement, which is on the west coast of Hudson Bay. It is an impressive-looking building in which they both sleep and work. At the boarding school at Coppermine on the other hand, there is a wooden building in which classes are held but the children sleep in groups of tents, floored with wood, with the walls boarded inside, up to about the height of one's waist. One of the tents is used as a dining-hall. It has trestle tables, and here the older girls help the mistresses prepare food and serve it. The sleeping tents or dormitories are lighted and heated with oil and lashed down with strong ropes, against the winds that sweep over these northern parts of the world. Even so, it is not unusual for a tent to be blown down.'

'The children are quick to accept the new way of life in the Eskimo boarding schools. For instance, normally they may play half the night in the summer when the sun shines for weeks on end, and there is little difference between night and day. When they get to the boarding schools they must go to bed at 9.30 and get up at 7.30 and they get off to bed quite happily at the new time. The same applies to their actual schooling. They are accustomed to spend their day playing round their parents' igloos or tents and helping with camp chores. Boarding school means set hours not only for lessons but for meals, which they accept without demur.'

'These two Eskimo boarding schools are an entirely new idea in education, but, from what I gather, they are accomplishing what the set out to accomplish—to give Eskimo children a good idea of the white man's way of life, to prepare them to meet the impact of our civilisation, and at the same time safeguard their own way of life'.



Eskimo children in the dining-hall of their boarding school at Coppermine, in Canada

A Myth of Catastrophe

The first of two talks on the Renaissance by FRANK KERMODE

PEOPLE who were brought up in an old-fashioned way to believe in the Renaissance as something to be grateful for must be rather puzzled as to what has become of it. For a long time the rumour has gone about that there never was such a thing, or that even if there were it could not have happened when the old books said it did. But, whereas there are signs that historians are working out a complicated compromise solution to this problem, there is another different problem concerning the Renaissance that is even more confusing: the view that the Renaissance did happen but that it is most unfortunate that it should have done so. This is the doctrine of the Renaissance as a disaster, as the central calamity of European history, in fact; and so, of course, not something to be grateful for.

A View Found among Theologians

As I shall be talking mostly about the arts, I should here mention in parenthesis that this view is frequently found in theologians. These include writers of the Jewish, Greek Orthodox, and Protestant persuasions, so it would not be fair to identify the view with Catholic teaching; but it remains true that many people first encounter the notion in either Roman Catholic writers like Maritain or in Anglo-Catholic theologians. The substance of the doctrine is that our society has been ruinously impaired by the anthropocentric humanism of the Renaissance. This amounted to a denial of human limit, a fatal exaggeration of the powers of human intellect and of the human factor in history. The Renaissance, it is said, neglected the fact of original sin; and that neglect makes impossible either art or life of any quality. So humanism, a disease which entered its most destructive phase with the Romantic glorification of personality, is responsible for most of our troubles—our acquisitiveness, our ethical chaos, even in the end our disrespect for the human personality. All our mess is the result of the secularism of the Renaissance. We live in a state of division, our world a mere bundle of fragments; and so it has been since the great catastrophe of about A.D. 1500.

I am not going to try here to attack this doctrine along its whole formidable front, but merely to look at the small sector of English literary history. Here the myth of catastrophe has been extremely successful, and its influence bears not only upon the literary man's view of the past but also upon our actual literature. Consequently it is not without importance that the myth is at odds with fact. The point I shall be trying to make is this: the myth of catastrophe, in this field, was imposed upon our literature not after a dispassionate survey of the facts but in order to satisfy certain needs that became urgent in the nineteenth century. In this first talk I speak of the myth itself; in the second, about the needs the myth was invented to satisfy.

Any such discussion has to start from Mr. T. S. Eliot's formula for the catastrophe: 'dissociation of sensibility'. We notice first that Mr. Eliot moves the disaster forward in time to the seventeenth century. We shall see that the date of the disaster does constantly alter, but this is a characteristically English version of the myth. On an Anglo-Catholic view, the true Church was re-established in England and flourished in the early years of the seventeenth century. It was restored to something like its primitive purity, lost for a millennium under the papacy. But only for a few years; for the Civil War intervened, to eclipse the great age of the Church and the great age of literature, too. The forces that produced the war were the same, ultimately, that turned men away from the sane comprehensiveness of Hooker to philosophic materialism, exalting natural knowledge and making poetry the enemy of reason. The Civil War, variously elaborated and allegorised, neatly usurps the role of the vaguer 'Renaissance' as the moment of crisis. The great division moves forward to the seventeenth century.

Here we may remind ourselves of the origin of Mr. Eliot's casually invented but very successful phrase. Writing in 1921 he mentioned the high degree of 'development of sensibility' in Jacobean verse, amounting to what he called 'a direct sensuous apprehension of thought, or a recreation of thought into feeling', especially in Chapman. Then

he compared a passage of Chapman's, and one by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, with bits of Tennyson and Browning, commenting that the difference was not one of degree but 'something which had happened to the mind of England' between the Jacobean and Victorian ages. He wrote:

Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his sensibility . . . We may express the difference by the following theory: The poets of the seventeenth century . . . possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience . . . In the seventeenth century a dissociation of sensibility set in, from which we have never recovered; and this dissociation, as is natural, was aggravated by the influence of the two most powerful poets of the century, Milton and Dryden.

This was 1921. We may just note, in passing, a point that will crop up again. The argument for 'dissociation' proceeds from poems to poets and from poets to the times they live in. More of that in my second talk. To come back to Mr. Eliot: he made the last of his allusions to this theory in 1947, when he said:

I believe that the general affirmation represented by the phrase 'dissociation of sensibility' . . . retains some validity; but . . . to lay the burden on the shoulders of Milton and Dryden was a mistake. If such a dissociation did take place, I suspect that the causes are too complex and profound to justify our accounting for the change in terms of literary criticism. All we can say is, that something like this did happen; that it had something to do with the Civil War; but that it would be unwise to say it was caused by the Civil War, but that it is a consequence of the same cause which brought about the Civil War; that we must seek the causes in Europe, not in England alone; and for what these causes were, we may dig and dig until we get to a depth at which words and concepts fail us.

Having argued back from poems through poets to periods, one is obviously left with a great deal of purely historical spadework to do. But, in point of fact, much of this digging had already been done, and the success of the 'dissociation of sensibility' owes a great deal to the energy of scholars who have assembled extra-literary evidence in its support and traced its roots back through history. In my opinion the important thing is not in any case the date chosen for the catastrophe, but the obvious attractiveness of the notion that there was one; but it is interesting all the same that the choice of the seventeenth century had been so successful. Anyway, it is to this period that a whole generation, feeling itself 'divided', feeling and thinking in separate compartments, has done homage, arguing that up to about 1640 it was easier to think and feel simultaneously. Poets, wanting to charge their thinking with passion and their passion with thought, looked back particularly to Donne. They lived after the Fall; heroic efforts of self-education might achieve something, but things would never be the same again.

Blaming the Royal Society

This attitude, enriched by a nostalgia for the golden age of Anglican divinity, is one thing in Mr. Eliot's writings, where it is directly related to, and justified by, a powerful individual talent. It is another thing in those of smaller men. At one time one heard the term 'dissociation of sensibility' used as if it stood for a precise historical event, like, say, Pride's Purge; a Rump of intellect was left, with which men proceeded to investigate the natural world and neglect all else. Consequently the Royal Society came in for much blame, because it pursued its enquiries into nature and left God out. In fact these scientists did not, in this respect, differ much from their sixteenth-century predecessors. When Sprat, the historian of the Society, said that the object of understanding the physical world was 'to look the nearer heaven' and that research must be carried on in that humility and innocence which can never be separated from true knowledge; that its object was not 'to brave the creator of all things, but to admire him the more'—when he said this he was making, whether disingenuously or not, a point habitually made by the Elizabethans. Natural knowledge, they held,

was bad if acquired for worldly ends or for its own sake. Then it was 'curiosity', dangerous or useless knowledge; actually the term 'curiosity' was applied far more often by censors of learning to metaphysics than to physics, in their time and Sprat's too. There was a perfectly respectable tradition relating to the study of God in his creation, and all the sciences come under this head, if properly pursued.

Sprat, like the Elizabethan scientists, thought his kind of science was not 'curiosity'. Other people thought it was, and there is a persistent complaint against scientists for their futility and presumption in ignoring the true hierarchy of human studies, which reaches its climax in Swift. But it has no special attachment to the seventeenth century. Charges of scientific 'atheism', as it was called, are commonplace in the sixteenth century in France and England, and at the same time there flourished other kinds of 'naturalism'—the political naturalism of Machiavelli, the ethical naturalism of Montaigne. There can be few dramatic characters in whom intellect and emotion are more thoroughly divorced than in Iago. So there are plenty of symptoms of 'dissociation' at this time, when the Civil War was still unforeseeable. In every department of life there was conflict between 'nature' and 'custom', a word coming to mean 'irrational authoritarianism' in any sphere, including the ecclesiastical.

But this does not of course mean that we have only to alter the chronological placing of the catastrophe and move it back to the sixteenth century. The deeper we dig, the more clearly it appears that the contention about 'curiosity', about the orientation of human studies—and all the attendant indications of a great division or dissociation—is inescapable. If we find it in pre-Baconian science, we find it equally in pre-Cartesian philosophy. If we trace the roots of sixteenth-century science, we find ourselves studying the intellectual traditions of the University of Padua, and dominant among these was a non-official version of Aristotelianism, quite properly called 'naturalist'.

The science which was so often attacked as atheistic leads us, in fact, to medieval Averroism, and the whole controversy about 'double-truth', which arose when philosophers flatly declared that the intellect of a Christian, guided by human reason, could determine certain problems in a manner totally contradictory of revealed religion. This opposition can be found much earlier, and the issue remained alive into the seventeenth century and beyond; it is in fact characteristic of

European thinking. The Averroist position was repeatedly condemned, most vigorously in 1277. M. Gilson himself, discussing this occasion, calls it a critical date in the history of philosophy because, after it, it was far harder than ever to bridge the gap between theologian and philosopher. And he adds that the condemned philosophy was merely an aspect of a more general, a 'polymorphic', naturalism, 'stressing the rights of pagan nature', which was affecting the whole emotional and intellectual life of the thirteenth century. Perhaps we should locate our great catastrophe here, almost 400 years before the Civil War?

Yet this is clearly wrong. Obviously the rediscovery of Aristotle itself involved a sort of dissociation in Christian thought; if we ask why we are off on a long journey, tracing the Platonic and Aristotelian traditions back to Athens. Nor could we stop at the fourth century. We could stop only when we got back to a really primitive culture with a language that admitted no thought that was not luminous allowed no questioning of the society's supernatural beliefs. Yet the Christian 'West' has never wanted to be even as primitive as the Old Testament. Its whole immense allegorical tradition is a way of applying intellectual instruments to the dissection of writings like the Song of Solomon, where, if anywhere, thought and feeling are inseparable. If we go on looking for this great once-for-all catastrophe we shall end in Eden with the Fall.

In a sense, what the dissociators have looked for is a Fall. This one will explain the difficulties they encounter, particularly in matters of art, in the fallen modern world. The traditional hatred of the modern artist for the materialism and positivism of a scientific age has led to the custom of placing this Fall in the Renaissance or the seventeenth century. But the tendency of the human intellect 'to rest in Nature not the God of Nature'—or, in different and Romantic terms, to distrust imagination and dwell in the universe of death—is not to be blamed on one period alone.

It remains to ask the useful question: what needs was this myth invented to satisfy? There are one or two more limited questions that may be usefully asked. Why has a neglected poet like Donne been given such importance that the history of poetry has been virtually rewritten to illustrate the view that he is a great poet? In my second talk I shall be trying to answer these questions and to draw conclusions from the answers.—*Third Programme*

The Architecture of Rome and Constantinople

The second of two talks by J. B. WARD PERKINS

IN the first of these talks* I tried to show how Roman architecture, growing up within what was still fundamentally a local Hellenistic tradition, was able to evolve into something that was absolutely new. It was able to do so because it was exploiting a new and revolutionary material, Roman concrete. For the first time in history architects found themselves thinking in terms of the space contained by a building rather than of the marshalling of its masonry masses. I want here to follow up this idea, and to say something about the relationship of this Roman architecture to the most vigorous and original of its immediate successors, the architecture of Constantinople.

This is an aspect of the study of Roman art in which it is not at all easy to escape the shadows of past polemic. For more than half a century discussion of the relation between Roman and Byzantine art has been dominated by the terms of the controversy launched in 1901 by that great, if somewhat erratic, Viennese scholar, Strzygowski. According to Strzygowski, Byzantine art, including architecture, was essentially a product of the East; it might owe something to the Greek-speaking provinces of the Roman empire, but it had little or nothing to do with the decadent classicism of Rome itself. Strzygowski's opponents were equally forthright. In their view, Byzantine architecture, so far from being a reaction against Rome, was nothing more nor less than the architecture of Rome itself, transplanted to the new capital. To quote a recent and militant exponent of this point of view, Professor Swift of Columbia University: "In reply to the well-known question 'Rome or the East in Christian art?' the writer believes . . . that a single answer must eventually be accepted—and this answer is unequivocally Rome".

The last thing I want to do here is to get involved in the rights and wrongs of this tedious and most unprofitable controversy. One can hardly ignore it; but at least one can recognise that the very question 'Rome or the East?' is a grotesque over-simplification of a complex problem. Take the case of Justinian's great sixth-century church of Hagia Sofia in Constantinople, about which so much of the discussion has turned. If you analyse the structure, you find at once that the architectural tradition which it represents is a complex one, not to be resolved in such simple terms as 'Roman' or 'eastern'. Hagia Sofia consists essentially of a central hall, three bays long, flanked and buttressed by three pairs of lateral bays; in this it resembles, and is, I think, rightly held to be derived from, such typically Roman buildings as the Basilica of Maxentius in the Roman Forum, or the great central hall of the Baths of Diocletian. But at the same time it incorporates and dominates by a feature which distinguishes it sharply from its Roman predecessors, and that is the dome which rises on pendentives over the square central bay. Despite a great deal of special pleading, nobody has yet succeeded in showing that the dome over a square bay was part of the monumental architectural tradition of the Roman West. There are, indeed, small-scale examples of both the pendentive and the squinias in Roman Italy. But, faced with a large square bay, the invariably practice of Roman architects seems to have been to use a cross-vault.

Analysis of this sort is a useful and necessary part of the study of ancient buildings. But it takes one only part of the way; and if ever there was a building that defied such analysis, I would say it is Hagia Sofia. It is essentially a building that has to be experienced to be understood. No matter where you stand in it, you are unaware of the struc-

as such; you are conscious only of the sweep of the central space beneath the dome, and of a bewildering pattern of semi-domes and curved arcades, with tantalising vistas between them. Or if you walk out into the middle of the nave and look upwards, it requires a conscious effort to think of the dome in terms of the thrust gathered in by the four great pendentives and transmitted to the four piers that enclose the central square. The substance of the piers has been so dissolved into a fretwork of arcades and screen-walls that it is almost impossible to say exactly where they begin and end; and as for the dome itself, it seems to swim, barely supported, above the light that floods in through the forty windows cut in its base. This is essentially an architecture of light and colour, which deliberately sets out to play down the tangible properties of a building, and to emphasise instead the space which it encloses. And that is something which I find inconceivable except in terms of what I have called 'the Roman Architectural Revolution'.

I do not mean by that that early Byzantine architecture is nothing more than the architecture of Rome transplanted to the new capital. The dome over the square bay is only one of a number of important elements which were almost certainly derived from elsewhere. I mean that Byzantine art was neither Roman nor eastern; it was a composite creation; and the whole problem of its genesis turns on when, where, and how the various constituent traditions met and mingled.

One of the main difficulties in trying to answer these questions is a matter of historical perspective. It is almost impossible for us, today, not to look back on the foundation of Constantinople as the epoch-making historical event which, in the result, it turned out to be. But to Constantine's contemporaries it must at first have worn a far less ambitious aspect. Since the latter part of the third century, under the Tetrarchy, the Roman world had become accustomed to the foundation or virtual refoundation of a whole series of new administrative capitals—in the west, Trier and Milan; in the east, Antioch; Sirmium on the Danube; and, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople itself, Nicomedia and Salonica. To his contemporaries, then, Constantine's new venture would have struck a familiar note; it must have seemed just another step in the already familiar process of decentralising the Empire, and of levelling out political and cultural distinctions within it.

What was true of politics and administration was true also of art. Roman art under the later Empire was not a single, broad, unitary stream, centred in Rome and capable of being diverted overnight from Rome to Constantinople; it was an infinitely complex pattern of cross-currents and counter-currents, reaching out into every corner of the Roman world. There were many different cultural provinces within the Empire, some conservative and some progressive, but all evolving and developing in close and constant contact with each other. One of the most important and long-established of these was western Asia Minor and the Aegean; and, in so far as Byzantine art developed out of Roman art, you cannot hope to see it in proper perspective unless you keep in mind the fact that Constantinople was heir to Rome, not only as the political capital of the Empire but also as the geographical centre of an important cultural region within that Empire.

I want to suggest that the melting-pot for a great deal that was fundamental to Byzantine art was not in fact Constantinople itself in the fourth century but western Asia Minor and the northern Aegean in the second and third centuries—ancient centres of the arts like Ephesus and Hierapolis and Pergamon; and, at the end of the period, summing



The interior of the sixth-century church of St. Sophia, Constantinople

up the whole tradition and paving the way for Constantinople, there were the newly refounded administrative capitals of the Tetrarchy, Salonica, and, just across the water from Constantinople, Diocletian's Nicomedia. Consider the building materials and methods employed by the architects of early Constantinople. This is an aspect of Byzantine art which was brought forcibly to the notice of Professor Talbot Rice and myself when we were excavating on the site of the Great Palace. One of the principal objects of the excavation was to establish the date of the remarkable set of early Byzantine floor-mosaics found just before the war; and with this in mind we dug down and were able to identify the remains of no less than three successive earlier buildings on the same site, all of them built within a century or so of the city's foundation. But when we tried to date them more precisely in terms of their masonry (as one could so easily have done, had it been in Rome) we soon realised how little work has been done on Byzantine building methods and materials. Yet we have the example of Roman architecture to show how vital it may be to the proper understanding of a school of architecture. What is more, unlike questions of style, materials are something you can analyse objectively.

Broadly, there were three types of masonry in common use in early Constantinople: cut stone, brick, and a sort of mortared rubblework, which was laid in courses and brought to a regular face by means of courses of small, squared blocks; it was usually strengthened by the addition at regular intervals of brick bonding-courses.

In Rome the last major monument to make extensive use of cut stone was the Colosseum, 250 years before Constantinople was founded. In Asia Minor, on the other hand, not only does stone for building go back to classical Greek times and beyond, but it remained one of the two commonest building materials right through the Roman period. It did not begin to go out of fashion until the fourth and fifth centuries, and Hagia Sofia is one of the last buildings to use stone on any extensive scale. Its place was taken in Byzantine architecture by brick. At first glance Byzantine brickwork looks very like its Roman equivalent, so much so in



Brick vaulting: part of the sub-structure of the Great Palace at Constantinople
By courtesy of the Walker Trust

fact that one might be tempted to believe that the one was derived directly from the other. But the moment you look more closely into it, you realise that the resemblance is purely superficial. The brickwork of a Roman building is a mere skin; the essential structure is the concrete core. In the brickwork of Constantinople, on the other hand, there is no separate core; the entire structure consists of bricks and mortar, just as it would today. Brick was never common in Roman Asia Minor; but when we do find it—in the bath-buildings at Ephesus, for example, or in the aqueduct at Aspendos, in Pamphylia—that is exactly how we find it used. The most striking example of all is in the main hall of the Serapeum at Pergamon, an enormous building put up about the year 200 and still standing practically to roof height; it is built throughout of solid bricks and mortar.

The third type of Byzantine masonry—what I have called mortared rubblework—is absolutely typical of Roman building in cities like Ephesus and Miletus. It bears a certain superficial resemblance to Roman concrete, but it lacks altogether its essential toughness. That, no doubt, is why we find an increasing tendency to strengthen it with brick bonding-courses: in the walls of Nicæa, for example, or the baths at Ankara, or Diocletian's palace at Spalato, all of which date from the sixty-odd years before the foundation of Constantinople. It is in this form, with brick bonding-courses, that it was regularly used in the fourth and fifth centuries. You see it in the 'Sphendone', the great curved end of Constantine's Hippodrome, which juts out, like the stern of a liner, on the crest of the hill to the west of the Blue Mosque; or the handsome red-and-white striped masonry on either side of the Golden Gate, built by Theodosius II somewhere about A.D. 415.

When you compare these various types of masonry with the brick-faced concrete of early fourth-century Rome, it is hard to understand how scholars could ever have talked, as they often have, of Constantine transporting armies of workmen from Rome to build his new capital. It is even harder when you look at the vaulting that goes with it. In Constantinople the vaults were never built of concrete but always of brick. Whereas in Roman architecture the structural stability of a vaulted building depends on the rigid, monolithic qualities of its concrete, in a Byzantine building the entire inner surface of any vault is built of brick, and it stands only by virtue of the dynamic properties of this brick framework. Sometimes, it is true, a Roman vault contains brick ribs; but you may quarry every single brick out of such a vault and it will still stand. In its Byzantine counterpart (as I have good reason to know after excavating in the cellars of the Great Palace) you have only to remove a single brick to run the risk of bringing the whole structure down on top of you.

Once again the immediate source is the architecture of third-century Asia Minor, where brick vaulting was in regular use from the second century onwards. What is more, we find it used in what we have come to regard as a characteristically Byzantine way. The ordinary way of building a barrel vault in brick is to lay the bricks radially over a wooden centring, just as if they were the voussoirs of a stone arch. The barrel vaults of Constantinople are mostly different. Here the individual bricks are pitched on their sides and laid end to end across the axis of the vault. Those who have seen such vaults actually being built in Persia or in Egypt will know what I mean: the point is that, provided you use a quick-drying mortar, you can build a vault this way without any timber centring; and, as Strzygowsky pointed out long ago, it was a device which had been known and used for over a millennium in the mud-brick buildings of Mesopotamia and Egypt. What Strzygowsky failed to realise was that by the end of the third century this device had passed into use in Roman Asia Minor and the northern Aegean. One of the outstanding monuments of the period immediately

before the foundation of Constantinople is the church of St. George at Salonicæ. It consists of a massive circular drum, carrying a dome and pierced by eight radiating bays, which once opened into an ambulatory running all round the building. The dome is of brick, and the radiating bays are barrel-vaulted in brick in the way I have described. What is more, the masonry of the drum is a mortared rubblework with brick bonding-courses, indistinguishable from that of the city-walls of Salonicæ a century or so later. One could hardly ask for a better example of the essential continuity between early Byzantine architecture and the provincial Roman architecture that preceded it.

Constantinople succeeded out of all comparison with any of its predecessors. Unlike the emperors of the Tetrarchy, Constantine became sole ruler of the Roman world; the new city had time to take root, and many circumstances ensured that, once established, it should evolve on its own lines. The adoption of Christianity as the state religion was one of these, one which permeated every aspect of life, including architecture. Another was Constantinople's geographical position; particularly after the partition of the Empire into East and West, Constantinople was bound to be more heavily influenced by the eastern provinces than ever Rome had been. Circumstances like these were more than enough to ensure that the art of the new capital came in time to develop its own highly individual character. But the later development makes sense only if one remembers how deeply rooted it was in art of the later Roman Empire, and in particular of the cultural region to which Constantinople itself belonged.

Just as the qualities of Roman concrete had liberated Roman architects from the restraints of the traditional classical style, so now the limitations of brickwork vaulting imposed fresh restraints on their Byzantine successors. In effect, the only vaults that of brickwork we have been discussing were domes, and barrel-vaults and cross-vaults, and all of these on a relatively modest scale. Without the aid of concrete, architecture was forced back into a more logical and candid expression of the structural facts; the soaring fantasies of Imperial Rome ceased to be a practical proposition.

Hagia Sofia, far from being a typical Byzantine building, was a *tour de force*. In it Justinian's architects did succeed in building in the local materials a building that carries on and works out to its logical conclusion the Roman tradition. But for that very reason it remained unique. By the middle of the sixth century the current of contemporary architectural thinking was beginning to set squarely in another direction. The sort of buildings that I have in mind are Justinian's church of the Holy Apostles, which many of you will know in the shape of St. Mark's in Venice, which was closely copied from it; or the little fifth-century church of Hosios David in Salonicæ—almost certainly the earliest surviving example of the cross-in-square plan that has dominated Greek architecture ever since. These were the buildings that looked forward to the triumphs of Middle and Late Byzantine architecture. There was much about them that derived from Rome: the light and colour of the interior, much of the architectural detail, and above all the very fact that the interior was what really mattered. But there was also a new sense of rationality and logic; these were buildings that were meant to be seen and understood as structures.

How far this new spirit represents a resurgence of Greek ideals and how far it was due to more practical considerations, I would not like to say. What I am sure of is that, among the factors that helped to shape them, one, and by no means the least important, was the material of which they were built and the way those materials were used. It is part of the genius of Byzantium, as of Rome before it, to have turned such material factors to account and to have produced from them architecture so completely expressive of the Byzantine spirit.



The Theodosian walls of Constantinople

Temples and Temperaments in Siam

By MICHAEL SULLIVAN

THE annual soccer match in Bangkok between Chulalongkorn and Dhamsatra Universities is the major sporting event of the year. For two hours before it started we were treated to a parade such as I thought could be seen nowhere but in America. Men students on motor-cycles roared round the stadium; girls disguised as Amazons pranced by on large, unmanageable horses. Aeroplanes trailing encouraging streamers buzzed the field, while cute little drum-majorettes in pink satin strutted at the head of battalions of students, leading them to the grandstands where the cheer-leaders took over. Could this be Bangkok? Surely it was North-Western versus Notre Dame? But when the game began, I knew we could be in Thailand and nowhere else. Team-work was poor, but individual footwork incredibly neat and graceful. Time and again a forward would shoot from the centre of the field. As the ball sailed up into the air, a roar would go up from Chulalongkorn—a magnificent shot! A few seconds later it fell, straight into the arms of the long-prepared goal-keeper; Dhamsatra leaped to its feet; a magnificent save! Both sides had acquitted themselves nobly, and everyone was happy.

It might be stretching a point to attribute this desire for universal happiness, which you find in so many guises in Siam, to Buddhism. Whether the Siamese are Buddhists because they are gentle and contented, or gentle and contented because they are Buddhists, is a nice question. Part of their contentment is certainly economic. Their climate is tolerable; they have more rice and fish than they can consume themselves, and apparently few other material needs. But there is no doubt that this calm, humane faith accords admirably with the Thai temperament. They might have been Hindus; in fact, in the eleventh century, during the period of the Khmer occupation they were forcibly Hinduised. But when they regained their freedom in the thirteenth they reverted to the Hinayana, the Buddhism of the 'Lesser Vehicle', and this is still the chief force in the lives of this devout and charitable people.

This innate pacifism, this tendency to yield to pressure, has had its drawbacks. Recently I was in Siam collecting archaeological information for the University of Malaya. I had read what little had been written on Siamese art and had been struck by what seemed to be a bewildering tangle of styles. The Siamese had not only been subject to a

succession of foreign influences; they showed a perplexing tendency to revive old styles, sometimes centuries after they had gone out of fashion. India and Java, Ceylon, Burma and China had all left their mark on Siamese art. I wanted not only to try to disentangle this web of foreign influences and revivals but also to discover for myself what was the essentially Siamese element in all this.

So, with these questions very much in mind, I set out to visit five or six places which had been successively—so far as archaeologists and historians can determine—the focus of Siamese civilisation during the last 1,500 years. The earliest is a site about fifty miles west of Bangkok, near the modern hamlet of P'ong-t'uk. Before the war, the French archaeologist Georges Coedès excavated at P'ong-t'uk the remains of a Buddhist temple and stupa, or relic mound, and some pieces of sculpture very like that of the Indian school of Amaravati. The Amaravati school flourished on the east coast of India during the first three centuries of the Christian era, and P'ong-t'uk was probably a stopping-place on the route by which Indian missionaries journeyed eastwards across the sea to Funan, the first Indianised kingdom in southern Indo-China. It was probably also an important trade route, because among Coedès' finds was a Roman lamp; later at Oc-éo, further to the east, Louis Malleret found other Roman remains, together with Indian and even Parthian objects.

P'ong-t'uk itself is a small and unspectacular site. But aerial photographs, taken by the R.A.F. during the war with other purposes in mind, reveal that scarcely a mile from P'ong-t'uk lie what appear to be the remains of a large square city; its temples and tanks were enclosed with a wall and ditch. Coedès had no idea of the existence of this city, and so P'ong-t'uk has remained until now the only excavated site of this early period—the period of about A.D. 300-400 to about A.D. 1100 when south-central Thailand was under the rule of the Indianised Dvaravati kingdom. Twenty miles away the remains of another and much larger Dvaravati stupa are believed to be buried in the heart of a succession of later stupas—a typical example of that native passion for rebuilding ancient monuments which makes life so difficult for anyone who tries to study the history of Siamese art.

About four hours in the train north of Bangkok is the old town of Lopburi, which is the place at which one can best see the next stage—from about 1100 onwards. After the Khmer empire had consolidated itself at Angkor in what is now Cambodia they spread westwards and established their provincial capital at Lopburi. Today the train passes between the ruined towers of temples built in the Khmer style: and one begins to realise how, during the 200 years that Cambodian culture dominated central Thailand, the accommodating Siamese refashioned their art and architecture after the model of Angkor. The simple iconography of Hinayana Buddhism, which recognised only the Buddha and



A bronze 'Walking Buddha' from Sukhothai
From 'Buddhist Art in Siam',
by R. Le May (C.U.P.)



Ruins of Ayuthia, capital of Siam from 1354 until the middle of the eighteenth century

his favourite saints and disciples, was replaced by the complex pantheon of Hinduism. The Siamese do not work easily in stone; they prefer the more fluid and plastic media of stucco and bronze: but, adapting themselves to the tastes of their conqueror, they turned out great numbers of stone images scarcely distinguishable from those at Angkor itself. Later, when the Khmer empire weakened and a genuine Thai culture came into being, these figures were not destroyed but simply re-cut to conform to the simple Hinayana canon: elaborate head-dresses, rich garments, and jewellery were chipped away, and princely figures of Shiva and Vishnu transformed into Buddhas of stark and impressive simplicity.

Now it was the turn of the Siamese to assert their own supremacy. The way was prepared by a sort of fifth column of Buddhist monks, and soon Thai culture was infiltrating into Cambodia itself. Finally, about the middle of the fourteenth century, a Siamese army invaded Cambodia, exhausted with wars and the construction of vast monuments, took and sacked the capital at Angkor Thom, and established their rule in the royal palace. The great Hindu shrines were turned over to the worship of Buddha. In one of the side galleries of the Hindu temple of Angkor Wat you still find an assembly of Buddhist images; and you meet Buddhist monks, many of them Siamese, wandering among the great ruins, their saffron-yellow robes a splash of brilliant colour against the dark grey stone.

'One of the Loveliest Ruins in the World'

So, in travelling about, one comes to realise how Siamese cultural history divides itself neatly into five or six stages, and stage three is known by the name of its capital at Sukothai in the very heart of Thailand. Sukothai is surely one of the loveliest ruins in the world. The streets and houses, even the palace, were built of wood and have long ago disappeared. All that now survives is the tall stupas, remains of colossal Buddhas in brick and plaster, and fragments of walls with exquisite stucco decorations, which crumble slowly to dust among the tall trees and the bamboo thickets.

Here at Sukothai a truly Siamese art flowered for the first time. Echoes of the Khmer manner, with still more remote memories of the Dvaravati style, were blended with new elements brought in by the Thai people themselves. In reviving Hinayana Buddhism, the Siamese again looked beyond their frontiers for guidance. Young monks were sent to Ceylon to study; Cingalese monks came to preach in Sukothai and Sawankolok. At both these cities and at Pisnulok the Siamese built a new type of temple closely modelled on those of contemporary Ceylon, then at the height of its power and influence. The temple consists of a long pillared hall, called the *bot*, which culminates in a colossal image of the Buddha, and is directly inspired by the temples erected at Polonnaruwa by King Parakrama Bahu, the eleventh-century Asoka of Ceylon. The adaptable Siamese, who had once been under Indian influence, then under that of Cambodia, now copied the sculpture of Ceylon, too, with equal enthusiasm.

A branch of the Government Archaeological Service is working at Sukothai, attempting to save what it can from further neglect and destruction. But their task, it seemed to me, was a difficult one. For one thing, the Siamese have none of that passionate interest in history for its own sake which distinguishes their neighbours the Chinese, so there is no popular support for archaeology. For another, pious Buddhists—and the Government is officially Buddhist—would far rather spend their money on building a new temple than on restoring an old one, and in any case funds are low. For every shrine the archaeologists are able to save, another crumbles silently away in the jungle. Often it is too late. A stupa I wanted to visit at Pisnulok was only a heap of rubble when I saw it, and the exquisite Khmer style stucco decorations of Wat Chulamani nearby, which I had seen in old photographs, were lying in fragments on the ground. Archaeologists must spend their time and resources on clearing, restoring, shoring up; serious excavation is beyond their means and is in any case frowned on by the powers in Bangkok. So, for all their efforts, they have not been able to learn much about the archaeological history of Thailand.

This genius for imitation makes it difficult to sort out the succession of styles in Siamese art. With the changing fortunes of the times, sacred images were carried about from city to city, battles were even fought over them, and a venerated image would inspire a whole local school of sculpture centuries after that particular style had gone out of fashion elsewhere. I found this to be particularly the case at Chiengmai and Lamphun, twin cities in the far north-west, which had been the centre of an independent kingdom in the sixteenth century and represent the

fourth stage. These cities were full of these copies and revivals.

One sixteenth-century stupa at Lamphun is decorated with standing Buddhas in relief which look exactly like the ancient Dvaravati style which had been out of fashion for several hundred years. Probably they were copied from some particularly sacred image that had travelled up from the south. At Lamphun, too, there is a stupa in the Burmese style, which is generally thought—quite naturally—to have been built during the period of the Burmese occupation which ended in the eighteenth century. But an old native of Lamphun remembers that when he was a boy this stupa was in a different form and that it was rebuilt in the Burmese style only about fifty years ago. If he had not casually passed on this bit of information to a local bank manager and antiquarian, this stupa would continue to be labelled 'Burmese period' in the history books.

But, for all this love of imitation and revival, there did finally emerge a characteristic Siamese style, in which many of these heterogeneous elements are blended and absorbed. Siam even invented an image of its own: the 'Walking Buddha', an elegant figure who seems to move towards the worshipper, his right hand raised, right foot forward, his flowing robes billowing about his ankles. His body is long and thin, his features delicate, almost feminine; a far cry from the massive, austere manner adopted during the period of the Khmer occupation.

This softening in Siamese art was carried even further at Ayuthya—stage five. Ayuthya was the capital of Siam from 1350 till the middle of the eighteenth century. It lies two hours north of Bangkok and is a favourite haunt of sightseers, who can wander in comfort among its ruined palaces and stupas. These ruins are more spectacular than those of old Sukothai but not so satisfying; for at Ayuthya this native style, with no further stimulus from beyond Siam's frontiers, became gradually weaker and more flaccid, and finally degenerated into an empty formula from which the rigours of Khmer art, and the psychological depth of Indian art, had long since melted away. What is left is merely elegance.

Foreign Ideas with Native Techniques

The architecture, like the sculpture, is a romantic blend of foreign ideas and native techniques. Its style is gay—almost playful. A succession of roofs sweep up like the prow of some South Sea island canoe; doors, barge boards, and railings are intricately carved with floral scrolls; tall octagonal columns with elaborate bell capitals support no rich entablature but merely a little purlin, which pokes its nose out under the eaves. The effect is delicate and charming, but too theatrical to be taken seriously. But need it be? Surely there is a place in the world for an artistic tradition which borrows from here, there, and everywhere, and blends it all into a style of such elegance and gaiety. A country whose government officials spend so much time at the cinema that a special corps of inspectors has to be recruited to chase them back to work does not, obviously, intend to be judged by the same standards as those that govern graver cultures.

I do not think, for instance, that their adaptations of Indian or Ceylonese styles are inspired by a profound conviction of the importance of these foreign things, as they are in Japan. The Japanese are nothing if not serious. They are convinced of the rightness of what they do, or they would not do it. The Siamese, on the other hand, may yield to pressure from this side or that; they will accommodate themselves because that is obviously less trouble than not doing so. But at heart they remain the same—gentle and charming, charitable in a detached sort of way, determined to avoid trouble for themselves and others; not much given to reading, but loving entertainment. When all the imitations of foreign forms are shorn away, it is these qualities which remain in Siamese art and give it its particular flavour. Take away from the football match its parade of American nonsense, and we have an essentially Siamese situation, in which competition between the centre-forward and his opposing goal-keeper is of secondary importance to a display which will reveal them both in the best possible light.—*Third Programme*

In *The Council of Europe* (Stevens, 42s.) Mr. A. H. Robertson gives a comprehensive account of what the Council of Europe is and what it is trying to do. As M. Guy Mollet, Prime Minister of France, says in his foreword: 'The Council can do much for Europe, but one condition of success is public support, and too little is known about its work and its achievements'. This is a useful and authoritative book and should help to dissipate ignorance concerning one of the great international experiments of our time.

Truth and Fiction—III

Time, Period, and Reality

The last of three talks on the novelist's craft by ELIZABETH BOWEN

TIME is a major component of the novel. I rate it at the same value as story and character. I can think of few novelists who really know, and instinctively know, their craft who do not put time to dramatic use. Let us look at some of the ways in which this is done.

First, there are books in which time may rank almost among the characters and be even the chief character. What an example is *War and Peace*! In this, time acts on people; they react to it. We watch a large number of characters confronting each other in the presence of changing time and in the grip of the dramas and the solutions which time produces. Because of this, it is totally different from some imaginary, pleasant, topical, chatty little novel that we might have had some years ago called *The Joneses in War and Peace* which would have been a superficial view of people reacting to violent circumstances.

A Succession of Effective Nows'

Another use for time is that it plays a great part in suspense: the 'what next?' which in a story is so essential. In the good thriller you hear almost the time-bomb-like ticking of a clock, but also in what we may call the serious novel we are, or should be, conscious of a clock that strikes from hour to hour and the leaves of a calendar which turn over. Again, time pins the reader to that immense 'Now' which is so important if we are to have a feeling of concern and reality with the novel. The good story is a succession of effective Nows—call them scenes, if you like—and those Nows are linked together by intermediate action. We may move backwards and forwards, but the present moment must grip and hold us, so that while we read it is as important—more important—than the moment in the room where we are in our chair.

I think myself that a master of the dramatic Now was Virginia Woolf, and I want to give you an instance of her use of that extraordinary simultaneousness in which a number of things may be made dramatic by happening close to each other. Here is an extract from *Mrs. Dalloway*. The scene is Bond Street, London, on a June morning. Everything is at its height, a car has stopped unaccountably outside the windows of a flower shop.

—oh! a pistol shot in the street outside!

'Dear, those motor cars', said Miss Pym, going to the window to look, and coming back and smiling apologetically with her hands full of sweet peas, as if those motor cars, those tyres of motor cars, were all *her* fault.

The violent explosion which made Mrs. Dalloway jump and Miss Pym go to the window and apologise came from a motor car which had drawn to the side of the pavement precisely opposite Mulberry's shop window. Passers-by who, of course, stopped and stared, had just time to see a face of the very greatest importance against the dove-grey upholstery, before a male hand drew the blind and there was nothing to be seen except a square of dove grey.

Yet rumours were at once in circulation from the middle of Bond Street to Oxford Street on one side, to Atkinson's scent shop on the other, passing invisibly, inaudibly, like a cloud, swift, veil-like upon hills, falling indeed with something of a cloud's sudden sobriety and stillness upon faces which a second before had been utterly disorderly. But now mystery had brushed them with her wing; they had heard the voice of authority; the spirit of religion was abroad with her eyes bandaged tight and her lips gaping wide. But nobody knew whose face had been seen. Was it the Prince of Wales's, the Queen's, the Prime Minister's? Whose face was it? Nobody knew.

Edgar J. Watkiss, with his roll of lead piping round his arm, said audibly, humorously of course: 'The Prime Minister's kyar'.

Septimus Warren Smith, who found himself unable to pass, heard him.

Septimus Warren Smith, aged about thirty, pale-faced, beak-nosed, wearing brown shoes and a shabby overcoat, with hazel eyes which had that look of apprehension in them which makes complete strangers apprehensive too. The world has raised its whip; where will it descend?

Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines

sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs. Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Everyone looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. And then the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose?

'Let us go on, Septimus', said his wife, a little woman, with large eyes in a sallow pointed face; an Italian girl.

You will have been struck by those intersections of different people, the ironies, the contrasts, the happy immunity of the lady buying her pink sweet peas apologised to by the shop woman because of the slight disturbance of the noise. The war-shocked man in his inner subjective torment—nobody's business except his wife's—at bay in his own strange unhappy world. The sublime, idealised, sentimental mystery surrounding the car, and, at the same time, the slight feeling of satire towards it: what does go on behind those grey blinds? And the mind moved also away from Bond Street, with that idea of cloud moving over roofs, moving even while the words go on towards the green hills of Hampstead, rising beyond London. It is an extraordinary drawing together in the moment, in the actuality of the Now, of the fortunes and the thoughts and the destinies of persons who gradually we are to follow as the day and the book goes on.

Dickens as a Master Scene-setter

And while I am discussing time, in its sense of creating a sharp Now, I want to make clear the importance of the actual scene which time can create. The hour of the day, the season of the year, whether it rains or the sun shines; all these give what I have called actuality and sharpness to the moment of the scene as described. We depend a great deal on the time-information which the novelist gives to us. Think what a difference there is between a street and a street in the middle of the night; a seaside town and a seaside town in the autumn gales. One of the master scene-setters was Charles Dickens. To remind you of that I want you to consider an extract from *Bleak House*:

The waters are out in Lincolnshire. An arch of the bridge in the park has been sapped and sopped away. The adjacent low-lying ground, for half a mile in breadth, is a stagnant river, with melancholy trees for islands in it, and a surface punctured all over, all day long, with falling rain. My Lady Dedlock's 'place' has been extremely dreary. The weather, for many a day and night, has been so wet that the trees seem wet through, and the soft loppings and prunings of the woodman's axe can make no crash or crackle as they fall. The deer, looking soaked, leave quagmires where they pass. The shot of a rifle loses its sharpness in the moist air, and its smoke moves in a tardy little cloud toward the green rise, coppice-topped, that makes a background for the falling rain. The view from my Lady Dedlock's own windows is alternately a lead-coloured view, and a view in Indian ink. The vases on the stone terrace in the foreground catch the rain all day; and the heavy drops fall, drip, drip, drip, upon the broad flagged pavement, called, from old time, the Ghost's Walk, all night. On Sundays, the little church in the park is mouldy; the oaken pulpit breaks out into a cold sweat; and there is a general smell and taste as of the ancient Dedlocks in their graves. My Lady Dedlock (who is childless), looking out in the early twilight from her boudoir at a keeper's lodge, and seeing the light of a fire upon the latticed panes, and smoke rising from the chimney, and a child, chased by a woman, running out into the rain to meet the shining figure of a wrapped-up man coming through the gate, has been put quite out of temper. My Lady Dedlock says she has been 'bored to death'.

There has been not only a physical scene, a landscape in heavy rain, but also a social scene. We have been given our first clue as to the secret of Lady Dedlock, and all that has been done in terms of the weather and the time of day. There is a close relation between the emotional effect of the atmosphere and the crisis of the character. Dickens has given us a scene by which any woman of fashion might well be what Lady Dedlock says she is—bored; but there is more to it. We are to know, as the story goes on, why she minds, why she is really tormented, by the sight of the child. And Dickens speaks of the rain-muffled axe blows and rifle shots, but his sentences are like blows or rifle shots which are not muffled. It is sharp, it is wonderfully actual, clean-cut: all that which stands out through the veil of rain.

Next, let us look at the question of time as timing: the expansion of some scenes—it may be a few moments into pages—and the contraction of long passages of time which must be felt to have passed and yet which are not actually described. The novelist, to a certain extent, opens and shuts time like a fan as he goes along, and this is important because every story demands, because of its proportion, some particular sort of timing of its own. There must be an allotment, a proportioning of time: time gives emphasis, as you will understand. The few moments in which we may stop and stare at some face passing at the other side of the street, or the moments in which our eyes will dwell on some particular line of print in a newspaper. All that demarcates that something important, though maybe only important to us, is occurring.

I would suggest that one reason why some novels, not bad—often making a good opening or a good start—lose their hold on us, is that as the plot goes on we feel the author losing his or her grip on actuality. There is a sort of slurring and we become impatient; we look back; we say 'Yes, but is this happening on a Tuesday or a Thursday?' We feel that the focus in which time should be has been lost, the thing is being mishandled. In a great novel, in a Tolstoy or a Balzac or a Trollope novel, I am certain that the author keeps in his mind that calendar on the wall and the clock on the table. Timing is the final important aspect of time *inside* the novel, on which I should like to leave time in that first class.

Time Outside the Novel

Now for time *outside* the novel. I am considering, as I suggested at the beginning, a time which is personal to us, which surrounds us like a climate or an atmosphere. It is time which is a page—or at any rate two or three lines—of history, although, in the foreground inevitably for most of us, stand the concerns and anxieties or the pleasures and fulfilments of our own individual day. And all this rootedness of the reader in his own time does inevitably affect his attitude to the novel he reads and his sense of whether or not it contains a reality. I have a great respect for people who say point-blank that they are attracted only by what is contemporary. They do not care for an old book. They feel alienated in some way by a time atmosphere or time climate which is not their own.

I thought of an instance of that in connection with the extract from *Mrs. Dalloway*. Why on earth, as we visualise a London street now, should there be any question of parasols or umbrellas opened on a top deck? The answer is that *Mrs. Dalloway* was written in 1925, and in 1925—as people of my generation will remember—the top deck of a bus was not roofed in. That, if it is not explained, can cause a shock to the sense of reality, to the reader of that passage. 'No!' they would be inclined to call out, 'That's wrong; that disturbs that picture in my mind, in my eye.' And there are other, more fundamental changes. The judgements or the proportion may seem wrong. We may perceive what seem to us absurdities or perhaps bad practices which were totally taken for granted in their own day. The heroines of Jane Austen, brilliant and charming as they are, may seem to us to be unduly concerned with getting themselves or their friends married. The great Thomas Hardy characters may seem overdrawn, made too gigantic, on the strength of what we now know about rural conditions in the south-west of England. The Henry James cosmopolitan, upper-class characters flit, it may seem, far too easily from capital to capital—they have no currency problems and apparently not many of them have any work to do. We must admit that a book originating in a time different from our own has certain differences of circumstance, and occasionally those differences may put up a sort of barrier between ourselves who read now and the novel and what is contained in it.

If that is so, or if that were so completely, how is it that any novels survive their time? I would say that a novel survives because of its basic truthfulness, its having within it something general and universal, and

a quality of imaginative perception which applies just as much now as it did in the fifty or hundred or two hundred years since the novel came to life. A novel with force in it is durable, but the key is this thing to which I referred originally when we began these talks—the initial power to pierce through the surface to some cogent and important and general imaginative truth, about life, about experience, about human persons. A novel which survives, which withstands and outlives time, does do something more than merely survive. It does not stand still. It accumulates around itself the understanding of all these persons who bring to it something of their own. It acquires associations, it becomes a form of experience in itself, so that two people who meet can often make friends, find an approach to each other, because of this one great common experience they have had. And, like all experiences, it is added to by the power of different kinds of people in different times, to feel and to comment and to explain.

An Evolution in Form

What about the novels of our day? I suggested in two or three places, such as the changes in the manner of the dialogue and the liking for dialogue, that evolution and change and alteration in the form of the novel is going on. It always has been, and, please heaven, it always will. I think the novel will be perfectly all right if it moves forward in time along with us.

We ask: What is the quality in a novel written this year or last year, or a few years ago, which holds us? Is it perhaps a comprehension and a realisation of our own time? Is it that because of the stress of history and the extending consciousness we have of being people in a time, we are more time-conscious, we are more aware of the particular climate of our day? And therefore, though we cannot ever lose our interest in individuals, is there this slight shifting of interest from the individual to the circumstance, to the individual and the relation between him and others, which compose and make for society? And when I speak of a novel being truly contemporary I do not mean the purely topical, which bases itself on the events or happenings of one year. We want our time to live in art and in the comprehension of other people, as the times before us lived for us, and I do not doubt for a moment that we are raising up and finding groups of artists, among them the novelist no less than the poet, who will express the feeling and values of our day and at the same time seize what there is in it that is essential, the thing which has come from the past and will pass on into the future—in fact, universal experience.

Novelists now have to take in, to express, to comprehend, an enormous mass of new things. It is no good pretending that the circumstances of human life and the background of human judgement are not very different from what they were fifty years ago, and for this expression a particular kind of vocabulary may have to be found, a vocabulary not only of language but of ideas. There must be language, and a language that can be kept open at the edges, and if our young novelists are to exist, if they are to survive, they do need, I think, more attention and more response and more come-back on the part of the reader, than novelists have ever needed before. The relation between the writer and the reader is and needs to be closer than it has been. The writer needs reception, good reception in the radio sense, because of this forging ahead, this seeking for an expression which shall be unique to our age and yet hold in it the elements of all time. I ask you to look out for, to be aware of, the writers, the novelists, who seem to you to be making the literature of our age. Receive them, understand them, help them, and leave in our time, as there has been before, this close link, this identification, between fiction which we read and enjoy and the truths which through fiction we comprehend.—*Home Service*.

Radio Times Annual 1956, which has now been published, price 2s. 6d., contains an article by Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., on 'The Shape of British Broadcasting', and many pages of pictures and popular articles about television and sound broadcasting.

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In its sixty-first report, for 1955-1956, the Council of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty speaks again of 'a year of progress and achievement'. Outstanding buildings that have come to the Trust since the previous report include Ashdown Park, Berkshire; Ashleworth Tithe Barn, Gloucestershire; Clandon Park, Surrey; Clayton, Buckinghamshire; and Ickworth, Suffolk. The minimum subscription to the Trust is 20s. The Council hopes to obtain a membership of 70,000 by the end of the year.

The Gospel and the Historian

By the Rev. J. N. SANDERS

I WANT to discuss the credibility of the Gospels as historical documents, and in particular the Gospel according to St. John. I choose St. John's principally because for a long time—from at least the early third century to the early nineteenth—it held a virtually undisputed position of pre-eminence in the esteem of Christians as the Gospel *par excellence*. To quote Origen, the first really great theologian and biblical scholar: 'The first-fruits of all the Scriptures are the Gospels, and of the Gospels that according to St. John'. Then, by the middle of the last century, with the rise of the school of historical criticism of the New Testament in Germany, the prestige and authority of St. John's Gospel had been decisively challenged. Its claim to apostolic authorship had been widely questioned, and though conservative scholars put up an energetic defence, this appeared to the champions of progress and enlightenment to be of the nature of a desperate rearguard action. The controversy might be prolonged, but of its ultimate outcome there could be no doubt. No longer could St. John's Gospel be regarded as the work of an eye-witness, the closest to the facts, and the best authority for the life and teaching of Jesus.

Opinion of Two German Philosophers

How did this revolution come about, and what is the position today? It is curious to note that, immediately before the outbreak of the controversy about St. John's Gospel, the high opinion which the orthodox had of it was fully shared by the two leading philosophers of Germany, for once of the same mind, Hegel and Schleiermacher, though neither of them could be regarded as an orthodox Christian. Schleiermacher approved of the Gospel because it seemed to him to express most clearly his own favourite idea of the filial consciousness of Jesus, his sense of absolute dependence upon God, which for Schleiermacher was the essence of religion. Hegel approved because he saw in the Johannine text 'God is Spirit' the clearest anticipation in the New Testament of his own philosophy. Neither had asked himself whether his interpretation of the Gospel accorded with its author's own intentions. Both had simply read it in the light of their own presuppositions, and had found in it what they were looking for, namely, the confirmation of their own ideas.

It may be said, with some show of reason, that this is in fact what the Church had always done. It had valued St. John's Gospel so highly simply because it had found its ideas so congenial. But the Church's high esteem for the Gospel was not founded upon a misapprehension: both Church and Gospel might be hopelessly in error, but at least the Church's doctrine had been largely based upon the Gospel's. The philosophers' ideas were alien to the Gospel, and their approval of it largely based on misunderstanding. It is the most natural thing in the world to approve of a book because—even if mistakenly—we think it endorses our own ideas. To say that an ancient author really meant what we ourselves are saying is so natural that it needed something amounting to a revolution in thought to make men see how arbitrary and subjective this tendency is. This revolution was accomplished, as far as the Gospels were concerned, by the historical critics of the nineteenth century. But before them came the Tübingen School.

Imposing the Hegelian Pattern

These were disciples of Hegel who tried to find the Hegelian pattern of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis in the development of early Christianity. The thesis they found in the teaching of the first Jewish disciples of Jesus, the antithesis in St. Paul, and the synthesis in the Gospel according to St. John. But this meant that the Gospel had to be dated in the middle of the second century, and could not be the work of a disciple of Jesus. 'John' was some Hellenistic genius, at once a mystic and a historical novelist born out of due time.

The influence of Hegelianism on biblical criticism gave way in turn to that of liberalism, and it was the liberal critics of the mid-nineteenth century who, following the lead of Schleiermacher and earlier thinkers, notably Spinoza, first consistently maintained that in interpreting a

book like St. John's Gospel, written in a remote age and in an alien tongue, and with presuppositions differing from our own, we must approach our task in a strictly scientific spirit, and understand our author in the light of his own intellectual and spiritual environment, and his own aims and presuppositions. The task of the critic of the Gospels was to reconstruct the world of thought of the evangelists as an archaeologist might reconstruct a vanished civilisation. But their achievement fell short of their aim. Acutely conscious of other people's presuppositions, and of the misunderstanding into which they led them, they were oblivious of their own. They were deeply influenced by the positivist and naturalistic temper of contemporary natural science, and, professing to give a scientific account of the origin of Christianity, they attempted to explain it in purely naturalistic terms, ruling out *a priori* the possibility of any kind of divine intervention in human affairs, and so disallowing the basic contention of Christianity as traditionally understood. They had emancipated themselves from both Christian dogmatism and Hegelian idealism, and supposed themselves at last free from all presuppositions, and wholly scientific and objective in their judgements, failing to realise that their positivism was every bit as much a matter of presupposition as Christian dogma or Hegelian idealism. But it is never easy to see our own presuppositions for what they are.

A Liberal Interpretation

The picture of Jesus which emerged from this liberal interpretation of the Gospels, which finds its classic expression in Harnack's lectures entitled 'What is Christianity?', and which is still accepted by many otherwise well-informed persons as the scientific view of Jesus, is of a man who was essentially a great moral teacher, who died like Socrates a martyr for the truth. In a superstitious age it was inevitable that he should be credited with a miraculous birth, a career of thaumaturgy, and a resurrection from the dead, and that he should be turned into a Saviour on the model of the dying and rising gods of the Hellenistic mystery religions. The Jesus of history is other than the Christ of faith. His teaching is to be found comparatively free from distortion in the Sermon on the Mount and some of St. Luke's parables, and the outlines of his career, already partially obscured by miraculous accretions, in St. Mark. St. John's Gospel, by contrast, marks the assimilation of the Jesus of history to the Christ of faith. It is the latest of the Gospels, and the farthest removed from the facts, and cannot have been written by a disciple.

Such was the state of enlightened opinion by the end of the century. The results of liberal criticism had, of course, been strenuously disputed by conservative scholars. Westcott, Professor at Cambridge and later Bishop of Durham, maintained uncompromisingly the apostolic authorship and substantial historicity of St. John. He was no obscurantist, however, but a fine and sensitive scholar. But all his learning and persuasiveness largely failed to do more than reassure those who sought reassurance. The effective counter-attack upon the liberals did not come from the ranks of the orthodox.

It came chiefly from two quarters. One attack came from the Roman Catholic Alfred Loisy, whose heterodoxy is vouched for on the highest authority. He was excommunicated for the dangerous originality of his defence of orthodoxy, which involved the abandonment of fundamentalism, and the submission of the Gospels to a free inquiry, but maintained that Harnack's reconstruction failed to account for the subsequent development of the Christian Church. Jesus must have been accepted as the Christ from the first.

The other, more effective, challenge came from Albert Schweitzer, whose *Quest of the Historical Jesus* sought to demonstrate how all the nineteenth-century reconstructions break down under a rigorous historical criticism. Dr. Schweitzer beat the liberals with their own weapons, and produced the portrait of a Jesus of history who was indeed, as he said, 'a stranger and an enigma' to the nineteenth century. Jesus believed in the imminent end of history in a cataclysmic coming

(continued on page 757)

NEWS DIARY

October 31–November 6

Wednesday, October 31

Allied Forces headquarters in Cyprus announces that an offensive by bomber aircraft has been launched against military targets in Egypt

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons on situation in Middle East and Labour Party tables motion of censure

Hungarian Government asks Soviet Government for immediate negotiations on withdrawal of Russian troops

Thursday, November 1

Israel claims that the Egyptian forces in the Sinai peninsula have been heavily defeated and are in full retreat. President Nasser proclaims martial law throughout Egypt and says there will be no surrender

Labour motion of censure in Commons is defeated by 324 votes to 255

Hungarian Prime Minister appeals to United Nations against invasion of his country by Soviet troops

Friday, November 2

President Nasser announces that Egyptian forces have withdrawn from the Sinai peninsula

Allied Forces headquarters in Cyprus claim that the Egyptian air force has been largely destroyed

Soviet armoured forces surround Budapest

Saturday, November 3

U.N. General Assembly passes by 64 votes to 5 resolution in favour of an immediate cease-fire by all parties in Middle East

Prime Minister defends Government's policy in Commons. Mr. Anthony Nutting, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, resigns

U.N. Security Council discusses situation in Hungary. Soviet Government exercises veto

Sunday, November 4

Moscow radio claims that the 'reactionary conspiracy' in Hungary has been crushed. Russian aircraft bomb Budapest. President Eisenhower asks Marshal Bulganin to withdraw Russian troops from Hungary

U.N. General Assembly calls for creation of an international police force to enforce a cease-fire in the Middle East

Monday, November 5

Russian Government accuses Britain, France, and Israel of 'aggression' against Egypt

British and French parachute troops land at Port Said

Commons again debate situation in Middle East

Tuesday, November 6

Prime Minister states that Allied forces in Egypt have been ordered to cease fire at midnight

Cyprus communiqué announces that Port Said and Port Fuad are in Allied hands

H.M. the Queen opens Parliament

Polling takes place in American Presidential election



A photograph taken in the centre of Budapest last week after street battles had been waged against Soviet forces in the Hungarian capital during the uprising. After what proved to be only a temporary withdrawal on November 1, Russian troops, strengthened by reinforcements from Russia and Roumania, last Sunday attacked the city with tanks and bombers, later claiming to have crushed completely the 'reactionary conspiracy' in Hungary



Mr. A. P. Wadsworth, former editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, who died on November 4, aged sixty-five. Mr. Wadsworth joined the *Manchester Guardian* in 1917 as a reporter; he later worked in turn as Labour correspondent, leader-writer, and assistant editor, succeeding Mr. W. F. Crozier as editor in 1944. He retired, owing to ill-health, only a week ago but continued his association with the paper with the title of Editor Emeritus



Egyptians being searched by Israeli troops in the central Gaza strip, which fell to Israeli forces on November 6. The forces had withdrawn from the whole of the

Right: some of the British paratroopers who took part in the landings at Port Said on November 5 setting off from November 6 that the Egyptians had rejected the surrendere cease-fire some hours after the landings, and Allied operat



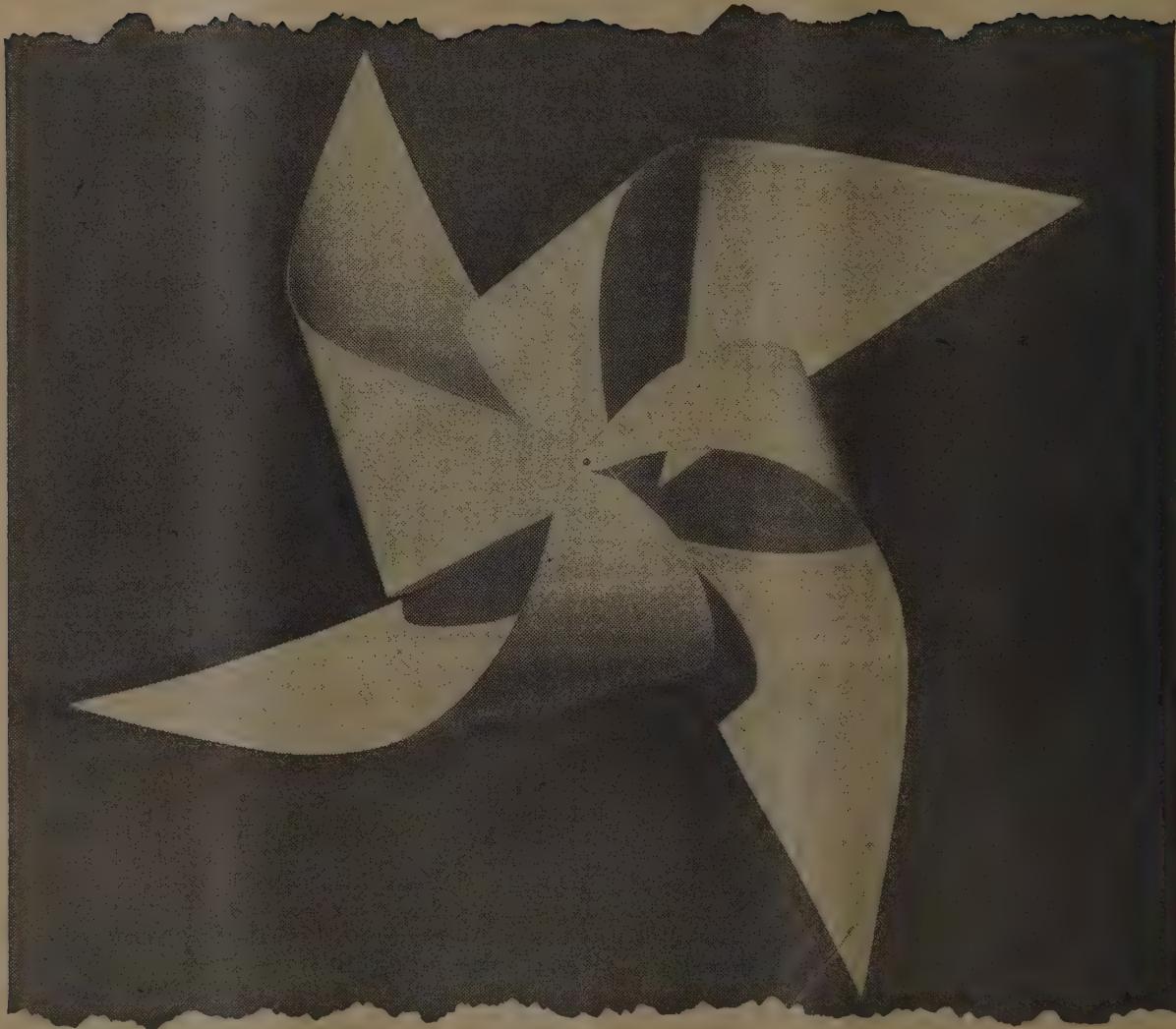
A Hungarian woman lighting a candle by the body of her son killed during the fighting in Budapest last week. In the background are the bodies of two members of the Hungarian secret police. Before the start of the renewed Russian onslaught last weekend Hungarian casualties were estimated at 13,000



Smoke bombs being let off in Trafalgar Square during a rally held there last Sunday by the National Council of Labour to protest against the Government's handling of the Suez situation. After the rally part of the crowd marched towards Downing Street and it became necessary for mounted police to charge the demonstrators; eight policemen were injured. Thirty people were later arrested

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(continued from page 753)

of the kingdom of God: he believed himself to be the Messiah destined to inaugurate it, and he tried to bend the course of history to conform to his dogmatic pattern. He failed, and died in the attempt, with the cry of despair, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

Was Jesus Mistaken?

Dr. Schweitzer, it is clear, must be absolved from the reproach of Christian orthodoxy. It is also clear that his interpretation was not uninfluenced by his own presuppositions. To his pantheistic philosophy the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation was incredible. Hence his conclusion that Jesus' own belief about himself was mistaken. Was Jesus mistaken? May we not accept from Dr. Schweitzer this much, that the subsequent history of the Christian Church is inexplicable, except on the assumption that Jesus himself believed that he was the Christ, without also accepting his contention that Jesus was mistaken in his belief? If we are to do this, we must realise that we have to make out our case not only on the level of Gospel criticism, but also on the more fundamental level of the vital presuppositions which largely determine the issues.

But, first, let us look at the Gospels. St. Matthew's and St. Mark's are, strictly speaking, anonymous works, whose ascription to their respective authors is due to second-century tradition. St. Luke's begins with an author's preface, which claims nothing more than that the author has been careful to collect his material from reliable sources: he does not claim to have been himself a witness. St. John's is the only one of the four which claims to be the work of a disciple, of one indeed particularly well qualified, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who was a witness both of the crucifixion and the resurrection. And it is precisely at these points, where the claims of the Gospel itself are most explicit, that the liberal critics are most emphatic in their denials of its accuracy. Thus to concentrate on St. John's Gospel is to take a stand where the conflict of opinions is most uncompromising.

St. John's Gospel, then, claims to be the work of an eye-witness to some at least of the events which it narrates. The purpose of the Gospel is expressed as follows:

These things are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life in His name. (John XX: 30, 31)

That is to say, the author's purpose is to collect and present evidence in support of the belief which he has already stated in his prologue (John I: 14) that in Jesus 'the Word became flesh'. What does he mean by this?

God's Spoken Word

God achieves His purposes, the Old Testament tells us, not as men do, by effort and contrivance, but by the mere expression of His will: by His spoken word. 'God said, "Let there be light", and there was light'. Thus Genesis. 'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made'; 'He spoke, and it was done: He commanded, and they were created'. Thus the Psalms. And by His word put into the mouth of His prophets. He made known His will for His people: 'Thus saith the Lord'. It is the basic conviction of St. John's Gospel that this creative and revealing word of God comes to men supremely through the human personality of the man Jesus. Through Jesus, God is made known as completely as He can be to men. Moreover, St. John's Gospel maintains that Jesus employed the creative word of God: the miracles therein recorded are signs of this.

It is vital to the author's theology that the events which he describes really happened. The idealist may say, as Hegel did, that the important thing is the idea of the incarnation, the idea (for Hegel) of the ultimate identity of the human and the divine spirit, for which a historical incarnation is irrelevant. But John will not have this. In the intention of the author, the Gospel is at once a theological treatise and a historical document. And it has value as a theological treatise only if it is reliable as a historical document. How this can be is the problem of the Gospel, and upon our solution of this problem depends our assessment of the importance of the Gospel for Christians today. The question is whether the Christian faith is an elaborate theosophical speculation, supported by spurious and incredible evidence, or whether Christianity is truly a historical religion, dependent for its truth and power upon the fact that a unique series of events, the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, actually took place.

Before we face this problem, there is a prior question. What is history? The simple answer is that it is a narrative of events which, the

historian assures us, actually happened. But no historian could, or ever has, set down everything that has happened, even within a restricted period. He makes a selection of the events which appear to him significant, unless indeed he is dealing with a period so remote and obscure that time and chance have already selected his data for him. In that case the less he has control of his material, the less he is of a historian proper. The historian proper is he who has sufficient data, sufficient raw material, to enable him to make his own selection. In order to do this he has to employ criteria of significance, which may indeed occur to him as he contemplates the raw material of his history, but which are not wholly given in it. His criteria of significance emerge as he examines the data out of which he will construct his history in the light of his own beliefs and presuppositions.

This is what we may fairly suppose to have happened in the case of St. John's Gospel. Its author says, in so many words, that his book is written in the conviction that Jesus is the Christ; his criterion of significance is that the events he relates offer the evidence for his conviction. The other evangelists tell us nothing (except Luke, who wrote in order that Theophilus might know the certainty of the things wherein he had been instructed), but it is obvious that their purpose was akin to John's. If we are satisfied of the good faith of a historian, and of his diligence in collecting and sifting his material, then our estimate of the value of his history will depend upon our estimate of the adequacy of his criteria of significance, and of the soundness of the presuppositions on which they rest. We may, I hope, acquit the evangelist of deliberate misrepresentation, but even so, we will accept his Gospel as credible only if we share his presuppositions. And, conversely, if we do not share them, nothing is easier than to deny the credibility of his Gospel.

Inconclusive Debate

But then it is not on properly historical grounds that one does this, but on philosophical. This is why the debate about the historicity of the Gospels in the nineteenth century was so inconclusive. The historical truth or falsehood of the Gospels cannot be demonstrated within the limits of historical criticism. They appear credible or incredible according as one accepts or rejects their underlying presuppositions. This does not mean, if one accepts them, that one can fall back gratefully into an uncritical fundamentalism. There remains a whole host of problems with which historical criticism can and must deal. It does not mean, either, that one can pin one's faith on a single Gospel, or on parts of a Gospel, as 'historical' and exclude the others from consideration. Nor can one distinguish, in the nineteenth-century manner, the Jesus of history from the Christ of Faith. He is both, or neither.

To accept the historicity of the Gospel is in itself an act of faith; and if it is this, it is easy to see why it is so often rejected. But if we reject the historicity of the Gospels we are still left with a problem on our hands. How are we to account for the origin and survival of the Christian faith? A host of mutually incompatible theories has been put forward. The suggestion that it is because it happens to be true has at least the merit of simplicity. I would call myself a Christian, I suppose, because in the last resort I believe that the Christian faith can account both for its own existence and for the existence of rival systems of belief and unbelief more adequately than any rival system can. But in saying this I am straying from the province of the historian into that of the philosopher, where I do not claim to be at home.—*Third Programme*

Meditation upon Easter

Power, then, corrupts,
And lack of power corrodes,
And they are green who halt between
The Have and Have-not modes.

The martyr, he's a show-off,
And the patriot an assassin;
The lover dreams of darkling streams
To drown his tyrant lass in.

So much for worldly wisdom
And the heavenly plan to flout it:
The grim device of sacrifice
Of the only man without it.

LESLIE BARRINGER

Gardening

Planting Shrubs and Climbers against Walls

By P. J. THROWER

IT is not, I know, possible for everyone to have a sheltered garden or even perhaps a border sheltered from the north and east winds, but there is usually a place against a wall where it is possible to plant a shrub or tree. A wall often provides protection against the severest weather, particularly if it is facing to the south or west, and it is positions such as this which can and should be made the best possible use of. For one reason or another many people object to having climbing plants, shrubs, or trees growing against a wall, they consider that they either do harm to the brickwork, make the wall damp, or harbour insects, but surely it is a matter of the choice of climber or tree, and how it is looked after.

At one time almost every other house or cottage had ivy climbing up its walls. I am not for one moment recommending ivy—first, because there are so many more other choice and useful plants worthy of that position, and, secondly, because the ivy fastens itself to the wall by tendrils or aerial roots and these can do damage by disturbing the mortar between the bricks, and the ordinary ivies are such rampant growers. The Virginian creeper fastens itself to the wall in a similar way but it is easier to keep within bounds and there are few climbers which have brighter colourings in the autumn.

Another objection to growing plants against a wall is the damage done by driving in nails to support the plants. I am not in favour of driving nails into walls either. If nails are already there, then they can be used, but I prefer to have the climber or tree supported a few inches away from the wall; it is far better for them if there is a free circulation of air between the wall and their branches. This is simple enough, in fact it is far easier than trying to drive nails into a wall; it means having the wall properly plugged, or doing it yourself, and putting strands of wire across the wall. From the ironmongers you can buy cheaply the proper supports to drive into the plugs to support the wires; they are pieces of metal about four inches long, pointed at the one end and flattened at the other with an 'eye', or hole, through which an adjusting screw or wire can be fastened. The pins would need to be from nine to fifteen inches apart so that the wires can be stranded horizontally across the wall the same distance apart and about two inches from the wall. If thin wire is used it does not look unsightly, and galvanised wire will last for years.

The kind of plant you choose to grow against the wall is, I think, a matter of personal choice, and the first decision to make is this: Is it to be something which is purely decorative or is it to be a tree which is both decorative and useful? I refer, of course, to a fruit tree because a well trained tree to me is as decorative as any other shrub, and, apart from this, there are the flowers in the spring, fruit during the summer, followed by beautiful autumn tints. Most kinds of fruit can be trained to grow against a wall; the wall provides a certain amount of protection and the flowers are less likely to be harmed by frost, and in most cases the reflected warmth from the wall helps to improve both the colour and the quality of the fruit.

The aspect of the wall must have a big influence on the choice of plant or kind of fruit, because while some will do well on a wall facing north or east others will not, so let us consider fruit trees first. There is no tree more suited for a wall facing north than a Morello cherry—these are the rather bitter ones ideal for cooking and jam making—and sweet cherries will do well on a wall facing east or west; plums, too, can be grown well on an east or west wall. Peaches, nectarines, and apricots need warmth and sunshine, and a wall facing south or



Jasmin nudiflorum

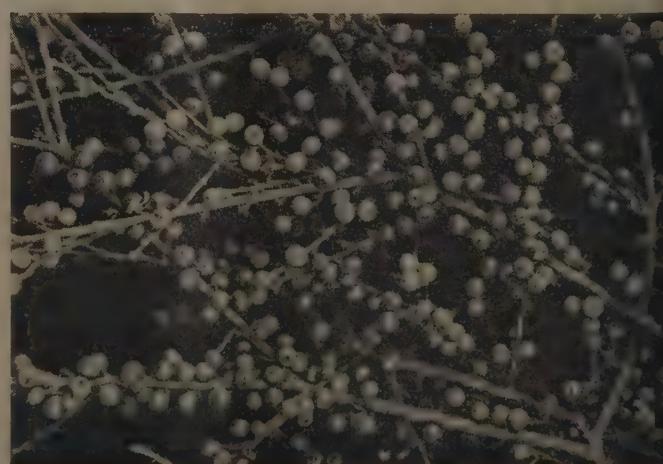
south-west is the best position for them. All those I have so far mentioned would have to be fan-trained trees, and when they are properly trained on the wires they look attractive. Apples and pears can be grown against a wall facing south, east, or west, and they can be either cordon trained or espalier trees. The cordons are those kept to a single stem with fruiting spurs or short branches along their whole length. These should be planted so that the main stem is growing across the wires at an angle of forty-five degrees, and they can be planted as close as three feet apart.

The more attractive trees to me are the espaliers; these are the ones with an upright centre stem and horizontally trained branches on both sides; when these horizontal branches are laden with apples or pears they are a sight worth seeing. When you buy an espalier it would no doubt have two pairs of horizontally trained branches and the training from then on is simple enough, if you follow what the nurseryman has already done. This month is the ideal time for planting fruit trees, and most other shrubs and climbers too.

If you prefer to have a purely ornamental climber, then there is a whole host to choose from; one of the best for a north wall is the

firethorn, Pyracantha Lalandei; almost everywhere this autumn these shrubs have been laden with those beautiful orange-scarlet berries. The yellow, winter-flowering jasminum is always useful to have in the garden because if the long, thin twigs are cut and put into water a few weeks before Christmas the flowers will open and be lovely by Christmas time. This shrub will grow well against almost any wall.

Clematis are always delightful in the summer and autumn, and if you should decide to plant one of these, then remember they like to have their roots in the shade; plant them under other shrubs or plants so that they can grow up through them. I think that Cotoneaster horizontalis looks better when trained against a wall than in any other place in the garden; the white flowers show up well against the fresh green leaves in May and early June, and the crimson berries and autumn tints are a delight at the present time. You must have noticed the flat branches of this beautiful shrub, and I find it seeds itself in all sorts of places in the garden.—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



Cotoneaster horizontalis

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Future of the Humanities

Sir,—I am sorry if in my talk on the humanities (THE LISTENER, November 1) I sounded, as your leader put it, 'disillusioned' with philosophy; for I am not. I am only impatient with its present cautious mood. I believe, with Socrates as well as Marx, that the condition for truly interpreting the world is the readiness and the attempt to change it: that the seemingly rarefied intellectual conflicts which prompt philosophy are so inextricably involved in practical conflicts between man and man, between class and class, between movement and movement, between society and society and between each one of us and ourselves, that the philosopher who will not take his stand within himself and in the world condemns himself to trifling. And if the philosopher needs the commitments of the world, the world needs that solvent of philosophy which, whether it calls itself 'dialectic', 'doubt', or 'analysis', runs through the troubled purposes of the time and prepares them for practical transfiguration.

Philosophy has done this work and will do it again: perhaps it is beginning to do so now; perhaps my remarks were partially unjustified. But then that justifies them: for their purpose was to sting.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

J. P. CORBETT

Sir,—Many of your subscribers were probably surprised like myself on reading Mr. Corbett's talk, 'The Future of the Humanities'. No doubt an honest frankness such as Mr. Corbett's is a necessary prerequisite of clarity on the matter, and readers will have been appreciative of his not making pretentious or hypocritical claims for his own work. But they must have wondered with a certain incredulity and a real concern quite how representative his attitude is of that of the arts teachers at our universities. Is it possible that so many have no belief in the value—the value to the community—of what they are doing? Some months ago, in the *New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, who also had read some philosophy at Oxford, expressed very similar doubts about the humanities, and he too explicitly mentioned his own subject. Although the article went without any reply from Oxford, there are surely one or two philosophers there who feel differently about the matter?

At any rate, your readers will like to be reminded and reassured that some *faith* remains in students and teachers in other arts subjects and that they find strange and quite alien to them Mr. Corbett's casual relinquishing of our humane and spiritual culture. Mr. Corbett speaks with much more authority than I could about the situation at Oxford, and I do not know whether any qualified person will attempt to disagree with him on that particular. A student at Cambridge may question his right to generalise. Certainly many students of literature here will have found Mr. Corbett's report a violent contradiction of their own actual and greatly valued experience. They may have felt that, especially in the face of such a very careful and impressive affirmation as Dr. Leavis' *Education and the University*, Mr. Corbett's reference to the 'woolly aestheticism' produced by an intensive study of literature and his general comfortable fatalism about English

civilisation constituted ignorance or impertinence.

I am sorry to have to say this, but Mr. Corbett should be told that some people care.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge

J. M. NEWTON

China Revisited

Sir,—The issue raised by this correspondence is whether the opinion I gave in my talk (THE LISTENER, September 20), namely that 'The People's Republic is less oppressive to both body and soul than was the Kuomintang', is justified or not. Professor Forster maintained that the Kuomintang had done good work in its early days but said nothing about the People's Republic; Mr. Ford complained of ill-treatment by the People's Republic but said nothing about the Kuomintang. A third correspondent wrote to you to say that he had read in a book that someone had been killed by Communists in China, from which 'evidence' he apparently wished to persuade your readers that the remaining 19,999,990-odd persons of the 20,000,000 in the *Time* report had been similarly disposed of. Only one correspondent, Mr. Edwin Haward, had something to say about both regimes, and it is, after all, with comparisons that we are dealing. Mr. Haward has now very gracefully restated his position and 'while agreeing with me in many ways', prefers to keep his fingers crossed, remembering the bouquets that were in the early days presented to the Kuomintang.

I am convinced, however, that an analogy between the Kuomintang and the People's Republic cannot be sustained. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was a genuine reformer and an idealist, but after his death the control of the Kuomintang fell into the hands of hucksters and spivs. The regime never enjoyed the popular support that this one does, nor did it accomplish anything that can be compared with the achievements of the present regime. I am no youthful enthusiast carried away by clever showmanship, but a man of sixty who has seen enough of the world to be excused for being disillusioned or even cynical. But I could not help being impressed by the spirit of the Chinese people and their confidence in their leaders. The morale and unity of the country reminded me of that existing in England in 1914 when I first joined the army. Then our honour was untarnished, we were animated by ideals, and as a nation we were as one. I am sure that if Mr. Haward and Professor Forster were to revisit China now they could not fail to be influenced in some degree by the prevailing spirit. Personally, I cannot help experiencing a deep feeling of mortification in contrasting the spirit of China as a nation with our own at the present time.

Now at the eleventh hour Mr. Guy Wint has entered the discussion with what he intends to be a correction of me on a point of fact. The person who informed me that the 'mob trials' (if they could ever justly be so called) had been discontinued in China was a member of the delegation of foreign lawyers (mostly non-Communists) who were visiting China when I was there. When the People's Government took over they had to build up a judicial system from the beginning, and owing to lack of personnel, etc., the procedure was more summary than it is now. I inserted the words 'People's Courts' in

brackets and within inverted commas because all trials in China have been designated by hostile foreign propaganda as 'mob trials' and the term 'People's Courts' is used in western newspapers as synonymous with the law of the jungle. I have now in my possession the report of another member of the delegation of lawyers which confirms what I have said in my letter.

It happens that I have before me as I write the issue of *The People's Daily* of Peking of August 31, 1956, referred to by Mr. Wint. To begin with, let me explain that 'People's' is used as a title for all People's Government institutions and functionaries in much the same way that 'Royal' is used in Britain. All courts, therefore, are People's Courts even if they do not conduct 'mob trials'. The report in question is a long one spread over three columns. There are also photographs of the court-room and of exhibits in the case. The court before which the trial was conducted was the Peking Municipal Middle People's Court, corresponding roughly to our Central Criminal Court. The accused person, Li Wan-ming, was charged with the forgery of a certificate appointing him as secretary of a branch of the Chinese Communist Party, and of a letter and telegram. The presiding People's judge was Mr. Li Fa-yang and he was assisted by two assessors (as is the practice in some British dependencies). The case was conducted by the People's Public Prosecutor and the accused was defended by his own counsel, Mr. Fan Ming, Director of the Department of Criminal Law in the University of Peking.

The procedure described was perfectly orderly and correct by western legal standards and there is no mention of any interruption by the public present in court. At one stage in the proceedings it appeared as if the accused might have held himself out as a party-secretary for the purpose of conducting espionage on behalf of a foreign power. This would account for the angry or indignant glances of the public, not unparalleled in trials in England concerning which public feeling has been aroused, only, in this case, at no point did the judge have to intervene to rebuke the public for improper behaviour. It turned out, however, that there was no evidence to support this suspicion and the Public Prosecutor did not urge it against the accused. There was an examination-in-chief and a cross-examination of each witness, and, finally, the accused was allowed to give evidence on his own behalf. Then the judge and the assessors retired and later returned to the court to deliver judgement. The accused was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. He was informed, however, of his right to appeal to a superior court.

Let us now compare this report with Mr. Wint's version of it which runs:

Li Wan-ming was on trial yesterday at the Peking municipal People's Court before an audience of over 1,000 Government cadres, servicemen, and workers casting angry glances at the culprit . . . He received the penalty meted out by the people.

The impression which this version obviously tends to give is that the accused was sentenced, presumably to death, by the shouts of a hostile mob without any pretence of justice. The translation of 'accused' by 'culprit' is a transparent trick to suggest that the accused was adjudged guilty before the trial started. There is no men-

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tion of the judge and assessors, of the nature of the charge, of the defending counsel, of the careful and correct procedure, nor of the sentence imposed. The 'penalty' was not 'meted out by the people'; nor does the report say so. It was pronounced by the court.

Before I forget it, I had no intention of suggesting that Mr. Haward's contact with the Far East ceased in 1936, for I knew that he left that region in 1941. But the fact that both he and Professor Forster dated their quotations with that year, led me to remark that their experiences 'centred on' 1936.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge VICTOR PURCELL

The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

Sir,—Professor Empson having in effect withdrawn from discussion of the couplet in Marvell's 'Garden', and offering instead the gist of the whole poem and its biographical interest, I turn without further ado to Dr. Leavis' letter of October 29. I see with genuine regret that my talks have brought painful recollections to his mind; and I hope that my reply will not evoke them again.

By the new 'Establishment' in criticism I by no means thought only of 'some realm of intellectual fashions'. My talks pointed clearly to several places where these (though 'fashions' is too severe a word) now appear to be taking shape in institutions. My main, and legitimate, concern was confusion and the risk of it in criticism itself; but had I wished I could have said more about the institutional side of the new 'Establishment' (I do not, by the way, see the mere existence of an 'Establishment' in this sense as necessarily an evil). It would barely, however, have related to Dr. Leavis, whose place in my talks was a small one, and whose wholly distinctive position in the past is something which he need not explain for me: I have studied his work, and been conscious of it for years. In the present, although his influence is prominent in what I see as the new 'Establishment', it is clear that his personal position is still wholly distinctive. As for the suggestion that, in any sense, it is he who has 'become the Establishment', it is not mine, and it could not be more misleading.

Let these points be clear. If there is then more to be said, it is this. Dr. Leavis' references to the nineteen-thirties and 'forties, and to 'what was in every sense the Establishment' (my italics), may be related easily to the present, but they could not take in the whole of the present; and what they would leave out is what I discussed. Moreover, Dr. Leavis' assimilation of myself to Mr. Gardner, and the implication (I cannot quite escape it in his letter) that to question the work of the critics I discussed is automatically (and sycophantically) to range oneself under the banner of Dr. Tillyard, make me think that he may not allow fully for the changes which are now establishing themselves in our literary scene, and the radically new forces at work in it. I also doubt whether he knows of my broadcast, some eighteen months ago, about work by Dr. Tillyard on Shakespeare, and Professor Lewis on Milton.

If I am *persona grata* with the 'Establishment' in Dr. Leavis' sense, that is not because, over years, I have spoken up for him and his work among those for whom to do so is (to speak with restraint) not a convention. For a recent public illustration of this, I need only refer him to the files of one of the weeklies to which he refers in his letter. What I have now received at his hands might not unreasonably give entertainment, at my expense, in quarters which he has seldom sought to entertain in the past. I stick, however, to my position: it makes me the stooge of no one, and it includes a belief

that to admire Dr. Leavis is not to forbid oneself an overriding case for the current needs of criticism, or the right and duty to meet its problems by thinking for oneself.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge JOHN HOLLOWAY

Sir,—

The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Doth strait its own resemblance find.

I have been waiting for some expert on the seventeenth century to step in and (a second Eden, if not a demi-Paradise) separate the combatants by informing them what Marvell was really talking about. But it appears that I must offer my inexpert self. Anyone with any sort of a background knowledge of the period will recognise instantly that why Marvell likens the mind to an Ocean is because of the current belief or superstition that every land creature had its counterpart in the sea. Mr. T. H. White (in *The Book of Beasts*) aptly cites Sylvester's *du Bartas* (1578) on this question:

Seas have . . .

Also Rams, Calfs, Horses, Hares and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
Yea, Men and Maids: and (which I more admire)
The Myrtle Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer.

Sir Thomas Browne, more or less a contemporary of Marvell, deals with it in his *Vulgar Errors* (Book III Chap. 24), and in not dissimilar language to Marvell's:

That all Animals of the Land, are in their kinds in the Sea, although received as a principle, is a tenet very questionable, and will admit of restraint.

This principle of parallelism (whether land/sea or matter/mind) derives ultimately from Plato, and Marvell plays with it in the very manner that won the 'metaphysicals' that title. There is really no room for doubt that, whatever the 'central thought' of the passage, this is the direct cause of its special imagery. This of course bears on Mr. Empson's contentions only in so far as it invalidates arguments based on some other explanation of the choice of the symbol Ocean.

And now Mr. Gordon Wharton comes sailing in to assure us that 'So far as the large/small paradox is concerned, I should think it is pretty obviously central to the poem and, frankly, if Mr. Holloway refuses to allow that it is so, I do not see what he can think the poem is all about'. May I please tell Mr. Wharton what the poem is 'all about'? It is about gardens. Marvell goes into his garden and is struck by the contrast between its vegetable peace and the outside world of noise and ambition. He playfully elaborates this conventional theme with references to Daphne, Syrinx, the garden of Eden, veiled allusions to the Golden Age, all exquisitely appropriate. He ends by looking at a 'floral clock', a typical High-Renaissance gardening fantasy, an arrangement either of flowers supposed to open and shut at certain hours of the day (and from which therefore the hour might be roughly deduced), or of those blooming at different months of the year (which would therefore inform you, should it have slipped your memory, whether you were in the middle of May or August). This is garden-time, he reflects, and very different from that mechanical clock-time which makes such slaves of us in the non-vegetable world outside:

How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers?

This; and *not* any highfalutin business of 'the sun and the flowers working a contrast between eternal and ephemeral states' and 'all the rest of Mr. Wharton's purely subjective erection; muted puns' (!)—why not vagrant Zodiac while we are about it?—notwithstanding

Mr. Wharton may retort that he knows all that. But apparently he does not: he may have known it, but it is now forgotten. Yet this, and no other, is the central thought of the poem, and that which is immediately recognised to be such by an unprejudiced reader, though 'critics' may do their darnedest to obscure it for him. Of course there are other implications, some valid, some illusory: but they are secondary, not central.

Modern close-criticism gets at times much too like trying to see faces in the wall-paper; or animals in clouds:

By 'th' Masse, and its like a Camell indeed.
Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
It is back'd like a Weazell.
Or like a Whale?
Very like a Whale.

They fool each other to the top of their respective bents; but the poem remains a cloud or piece of wall-paper all the same.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.10 HILARY CORKE

'That Devil Wilkes'

Sir,—Your anonymous reviewer (*THE LISTENER*, October 25) is of course entitled to dislike my biography of Wilkes, and I should not think of disputing with him. But he is not entitled to make inaccurate statements. It is not true that I have ignored the work of Sir L. B. Namier; if he compares, say, my Chapter II with the earlier version he will perceive this. I don't attach the great importance that he does to that gentleman's publications, in which I am not alone among historians, but the reasons for this would occupy too much of your space.

Yours, etc.,
RAYMOND POSTGATE

[Our reviewer writes:

I wrote in my review that the recent work by Sir Lewis Namier and others was not ignored but 'almost completely ignored', by Mr. Postgate, a statement for which justification will be found on pages 9, 12, and 161, among others. In Mr. Postgate's pages Bute is still a tory: George III is once more attempting to recover the powers of the Crown: and North, a supine tory, is a mere tool of George III who acted as his own Prime Minister, etc., etc. If Mr. Postgate has not 'almost ignored' the work of Sir Lewis' Namier, Professor Pares, Mr. Sedgwick, and others, the explanation must be that he has very largely misunderstood what he has read.]

Letter to a Young Composer

Sir,—I am glad to note from Mr. Wheeler's letter that twelve-note theory is so 'indefinite' that it cannot be taught or even apparently discussed. I gather it must be an impalpable influence that composers either tune into or not! But if it is so indefinite I cannot for the life of me discover why the ridiculous name of 'twelve-note' music is used. Don't we all use twelve notes? There must be something definite somewhere: indeed, Mr. Wheeler himself says that 'the serial method developed', but does not state from what. And there is nothing 'indefinite' about Schönberg's own pronouncement about the Op. 15 songs (which by the way date from 1908): 'I am conscious of having removed all the traces of a past aesthetic'.

Regarding the second paragraph of Mr. Wheeler's letter. I do not at all agree that the works of the first group are in any way as diverse in feeling and thought as are those of the second. The latter do not belong to a 'school' whereas the former do.

Yours, etc.,
EDMUND RUBBRA

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

AMONG the angry babies, fierce bulldogs, grim potatoes on a huge expanse of black table, and much else in the same vein that will confront the gallery-goer this dark November, the radiant Bonnard-like colour of M. Pierre Lesieur at the Leicester Galleries affords a welcome gleam of sunshine. The mantle of Zola having fallen so heavily on so many young painters at the present time that those who are not averse to pleasing may be suspected of frivolity; they try, it may be felt, to become painters, but cheerfulness is always breaking in. Yet for all his light transparent colour, his taste for prismatic contrasts, and his fluent handling of the medium, it is obvious that M. Lesieur has at the same time a sound grasp of structure and design. He draws firmly and he is extremely consistent in the balance he strikes between flat pattern and the suggestion of solidity and space, not at all an easy thing to achieve in paintings which are poised on the margin between abstraction and a late-impressionist vision. 'Composition' (No. 17), an interior of a fish-shop with a figure, is a most adroitly planned work with a nice adjustment of broad and simplified forms to fill the space. Mr. Wieslaw Pilawski, a Polish artist exhibiting at the same gallery, might well be taken for an English observer of the English scene; his views of London or the seaside are discreet, shrewd, and well executed.

The National Museum of Stockholm possesses an unrivalled collection—it was begun by the architect Nicodemus Tessin in the seventeenth century and continued by his son in the eighteenth—of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century designs for the theatre in Paris; the collection is so large that it is still in process of classification. A selection of these drawings and prints was recently shown in the Musée Carnavalet in Paris and it has now been brought to 4 St. James's Square at the invitation of the Arts Council. The exhibition begins with some wonderful costume drawings by Primaticcio and by, or attributed to, Niccolò dell'Abbate—a knight riding on a swan, a lady on a unicorn, a frogman—and there is a masterpiece by Gillot, a large and complex drawing of acrobats. But apart from the merit of individual drawings the exhibition gives a nostalgic glimpse of a whole world of lost beauty, pleasure gardens, enchanted islands, and temples of Cybele peopled with gods and goddesses in court dress. Admirable models of that astonishing survival, the theatre at Drottningholm and of the Charles XII theatre in Stockholm help to give substance to the fragmentary visions of ancient splendour that the drawings provide.

An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings at the Marlborough Gallery includes a large and impressive still life of trout against a landscape background by Courbet. It is a late work, dated 1873, but as grand and assured in treatment as the best of the paintings of trout he painted when in prison a little earlier. Gleaming

and weighty, with promise of an enormous meal after a day of sport, these fish seem always to have stimulated Courbet to prodigies of sensual, succulent, yet noble painting. A smaller still life of fruit by the same artist, a rather early and most delicate landscape by Corot, two figure paintings and a still life by Picasso, a remarkable portrait by Fantin-Latour, excellent examples of the work of Monet and Camille Pissarro, an important and unusual Van Gogh, a late but still extremely sensitive interior by Vuillard, an early landscape by Matisse, and a still life by Manet make up an imposing and extremely varied collection.

At the Adams Gallery, in an exhibition of the recent work of three British painters, Mr. Derrick Greaves has a series of pictures of babies which show an advance in vigour and precision of statement; the best of these works have an undeniable if alarming vitality. Like M. Rebeyrolle, Mr. Middleditch has now added flowers, in two designs which are skilfully simplified but perhaps insufficiently concentrated, to the repertory of the young realist. Mr. Peter de Francia's paintings are loose in texture and expressionist in design; there is a large and adventurous picture of an excited motor-car and some capable nudes.

The most interesting of Mr. Bryan Kneale's paintings at the Redfern Gallery are no doubt his portraits, close and detailed studies of character, obviously good likenesses, on the verge of caricature but kept from this by their curious intensity. His paintings of animals are rather similar in character; the jerky design certainly adds to the alert ferocity with which his dogs stare out of the canvas. The larger and highly stylised figure compositions may perhaps be thought over-intense and rather too selfconsciously

erie. At the same gallery there are abstract but atmospheric paintings by Mr. Henry Cliffe and a collection of the work of Christopher Wood.

Oppressively sombre, portentously gloomy, Mr. Michael Fussell's paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery, mainly large still-life compositions, are nevertheless well-controlled designs; his powerful gestures are not as so often, designed to conceal any weakness of drawing. 'Colour pure and atmospheric' is the not altogether inappropriate title that Roland Browne and Delbanco have given to a pleasing mixed exhibition which includes a slight but charming Matisse of 1906, a landscape by Delaunay, an oil study by Steer which has the quality of the best of his water-colours, a landscape by Spencer Gore, and a fine still life by Sir Matthew Smith. There are also to be seen those two most respectable miscellanies, the annual exhibitions of the New English Art Club at the R.B.A. Galleries, and of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colour at 26 Conduit Street.

Jacques Callot (1592?–1635), by Edwin de T. Bechtel (Thames and Hudson, 42s.), contains 237 reproductions of the artist's paintings and etchings.



'Baby and Dog', by Derrick Greaves: from an exhibition at the Adams Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Men and Power 1917-1918. By Lord Beaverbrook. Hutchinson. 25s.

THE STRENGTH AND the charm of Lord Beaverbrook—and they are both great—have their roots in the fact that he has never forgotten that he began as Max Aitken, the boy who made good in Canada and then came, saw, and conquered in the old country. He had established himself as a backroom boy, a chiel amang 'em ('them' being Cabinet Ministers and high-ranking officers) at that most critical and gloomy point in the Kaiser's war when Lloyd George had dethroned Asquith. It was a high old time for intrigue at the topmost level. Aspirants for office in the new model Ministry or at G.H.Q. jostled and squabbled in Whitehall and crossed and re-crossed the Channel to carry on their vendettas behind the front line. Lord Beaverbrook, being in the close confidence of Bonar Law, knew what they were all up to and watched their manoeuvres with keen, cool, humorous, and cynical attention. Now in his old age he has recalled it all, combining his memories with evidence drawn from contemporary documents, some of the most important of which, the Lloyd George and the Bonar Law papers, are in his possession.

The result is a study in *realpolitik*, vividly readable and of lasting value to future historians. Lord Beaverbrook has no illusions—least of all about himself. He confesses with cheerful frankness that, at the period of which he is writing, he had blotted his own copy by allowing himself to be hustled upstairs into the House of Lords. 'I had hoped to get office in the Lloyd George administration; I had failed'. Accepting this fate, retrospectively, with a wry Canadian chuckle of realism he sets out—and he triumphantly succeeds—to explain how our masters in the last years of the first war, civilians and soldiers, reacted to the temptations of power.

He shows the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, ebulliently self-confident, drawing strength from a Celtic resilience that never failed however high the seas ran but, nevertheless, having to swim for his life in office. The King was against him. The Conservative leaders, knowing him as the wild little architect of the Edwardian and Fifth Georgian Welfare State, distrusted him. The Asquith wing of his own Liberal party, which he had split so fatally, scorned him as an unscrupulous usurper. He was at loggerheads alike with some of his colleagues in office and with the top-ranking officers in the field and afloat. Yet he survived and the war was won.

Readers of this candid record may well be left wondering how the trick was done. They are introduced to crisis after crisis behind the scenes and to clash after clash between Very Important Persons. One of the most controversial figures to be brought alive is Sir Winston Churchill who, at that date, was down in his political luck and whose revival of fortune makes one of the most exciting episodes in Lord Beaverbrook's narrative. Lloyd George brought Churchill back in the face of determined opposition from Conservatives and from generals. He could not have afforded to have done otherwise. Churchill's return was, as Lord Beaverbrook sees it, essential to Lloyd George's survival as Prime Minister.

There is some quite new material in this book. The light thrown on the notorious Maurice debate is lurid; it reveals a deliberate and wanton attempt to suppress basic facts about manpower in France. But the significance of what Lord Beaverbrook has written derives less

from his original matter than from his skill as a chronicler who is dealing with events of which he had first-hand knowledge. 'It may be asked: "Were you there?" I was there! I have known and worked with all the principal characters in this narrative'. So Lord Beaverbrook boasts and he makes good his words. He retains so lively and so detailed an impression of this brief but historically decisive period that those who were not alive at the time or who were merely fighting in the trenches will feel that that was how it all happened—at least to one man's eyes.

Byron and Goethe. By E. M. Butler. Bowes and Bowes. 30s.

Heinrich Heine

By E. M. Butler. Hogarth. 21s.

Goethe declared that only insufficient knowledge is creative. This is certainly true of his relationship with Byron. The two never met, but Byron's influence on Goethe, forty years his senior, was considerable. And this in spite of the fact that Goethe misunderstood Byron's achievement. He misunderstood but did not misinterpret. By now he had organised his life according to the best classical principles, but his characteristic decisions were still instinctive. If he never lost his propensity for falling in love with his juniors it was because he was never really out of love with his own passionate youth. He was repelled by Byron's revolutionary leanings, by his hypochondria, his irreverence, his *Don Juan*; he even took Caroline Lamb's *Glenarvon* to be a true biography and assumed for some time that Byron had the Florentine murder on his conscience. Yet nothing could shake his admiration for Byron's genius, in which he sensed the daemon that troubled his own depths. In this they were fellows. Byron's impact was immediate and formative and fascinating because it told the old man of impetuous tendencies that had been officially suppressed but were poetically only submerged. In the figure of Euphorion, by romantic Faust out of classical Helen, Goethe symbolised his debt and affection. No wonder that Eckermann referred to this part of *Faust* as 'that immortal monument of love'.

It is significant that among Heine's first writings are translations from Byron. These two are brothers in spirited defiance. In both we are aware of overriding impulse. Heine's life is a series of contradictions, yet superbly consistent in daemonic purpose. It is not easy to assess Byron's influence on the nineteenth century. Without him, poets like Heine would still have been driven by an inner urge. That is no sudden phenomenon. But it was his example that gave new intensity of faith to lonely outsiders. Heine's hatred of 'official Germany' has been returned in full, for established institutions recognise at once that individual faith of this order is the one really dangerous menace to their authority. They cannot stand the irony that is derived from shocked insight.

These two books, taken together, form an extraordinary memorial to Professor Butler's enthusiasm and industry. They are written with the fluency of great knowledge. But also, unfortunately, with the fluency of romantic intuition. It is difficult to accept her attribution of smiles and frowns, grim thoughts and stirring pulses, to Goethe sitting alone in his room, reading a letter to himself. And too much water flows under too many bridges, wheels move full

circle, wild horses are deemed incapable of dragging reluctant people hither and thither, and various things fit like gloves and are proved to the hilt. Yet no tumble of faded words can bury Professor Butler's vitality. She is passionately interested in her writers as people, and her interest, like Byron's meaning for Goethe, is communicated in spite of superficial obstacles. These two books are entertaining documents, humanity reflected in a humane mind.

Comrade X. By G. A. Tokaev.

Harvill Press. 21s.

The abrupt and melodramatic opening chapters of this book are more or less unintelligible to anyone who has not read Mr. Tokaev's earlier (and better) work *Betrayal of an Ideal*. He continues his autobiography where that one left off, some time in the middle thirties, when he was a rising young aeronautical engineer at one of the leading Moscow academies.

The Comrade X of the title is the anonymous and unidentifiable leader of a group of 'revolutionary democrats' to which Mr. Tokaev belonged, who worked surreptitiously to keep alive a spirit of resistance to the men of the Kremlin. Mr. Tokaev himself scarcely seems cut out for underground work; he is impulsive, injudicious, passionate, and a law unto himself—in fact, it seems almost miraculous that he survived to make his way out of the Soviet sector of Berlin at the end of 1947. What he does bring home once again—though we are perhaps familiar enough by now with the tale—is the paralysing and dehumanising effect of fear in a totalitarian society, where there is no redress against authority and even silence and passivity afford no protection.

The best chapters are those describing his wartime experiences, and the early days of four-power control in Berlin, where he served on Marshal Zhukov's staff as jet-propulsion expert, assigned to learn about German aeronautical research and to persuade German scientists to work for the U.S.S.R. His opposition group had decided that the defeat of Hitler took precedence over the defeat of Stalin (it is the more incomprehensible that he should reproach the western powers for too conciliatory an attitude to the Soviet Government), and it was not until he learnt of Stalin's genocidal policy in the North Caucasus, his homeland, that he had doubts about the wisdom of this decision, just as it was the devastation wrought there by collectivisation that destroyed his youthful idealist belief in communism.

It was in Berlin that, harassed, frustrated, and spied on by a bewildering variety of security services, frequently at cross purposes with each other, and appalled by the brutality of the restored bureaucracy, Mr. Tokaev fell foul of Colonel Serov—a name by now well known to British readers—and crossed with his wife to the western sector, to start life afresh with new hopes, new interests, and new disillusionments.

Bismarck, Gladstone and the Concert of Europe. By W. N. Medlicott.

Athlone Press. 35s.

This book is not a general account of the foreign policies of Bismarck and Gladstone, as its title might suggest, but a detailed study of international relations in the years 1880 and 1881. The point of the title is that these were the months in which Gladstone's Government,

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returned to office in May 1880, attempted—and failed—to realise the Grand Old Man's dream of a Concert of Europe—the last attempt before 1914', as Professor Medlicott says, 'to achieve a permanent relaxation of tensions in a united Europe'. The aim of the book is to show that it was Bismarck's diplomacy, with its success in negotiating the German-Austrian-Russian alliance of June 1881, that defeated the British attempt and brought Gladstone's Concert to disaster.

In its detailed separate discussions of Bismarck's diplomacy and of the Concert in action the book is successful. It is clear and readable, and it contains a great deal of new material from the Russian, German, Austro-Hungarian, and British archives. When Professor Medlicott is dealing with the connection between these two themes, however, the result is not so satisfactory. He not only fails to establish the argument with which he sets out, but goes a long way towards disproving it. Nothing emerges so clearly from the evidence which he himself provides as the fact that it was not Bismarck who shattered Gladstone's dream. The Concert would have failed in any case: circumstances no longer existed—as they have never since existed—in which the Concert idea could work. It actually failed, and that despite the fact that even Gladstone thought of applying it to the Turkish question only, for specific reasons which had nothing to do with Bismarck's diplomacy. One of these reasons, as Professor Medlicott suggests, was the intransigence of the Sultan: the Powers could not agree what to do when Turkey refused to surrender territory at their behest. Another reason lay in Gladstone's own inconsistency. For all his belief in the necessity of collaboration, it was Gladstone himself who began the destruction of the Concert by threatening single-handed action by Great Britain when the Turkish attitude had raised his moral indignation to fever pitch. The author makes this point equally clearly and has interesting things to say about it. It is a puzzle to know why his introductory thesis and his subsequent arguments do not agree.

The explanation is probably to be found in his wish to see at work in these months not merely a personal Bismarck-Gladstone antipathy, based on Bismarck's distrust of Gladstone's emotionalism, but also a deeper conflict between opposite systems of foreign policy from which date the beginnings of long-term Anglo-German rivalry. The former certainly existed, and it was given practical significance by Bismarck's increased concern for control of events in the Near East since the Alliance with Austria in 1879. One difficulty about the latter is that, as the author admits, neither Bismarck nor Gladstone seems to have recognised its existence. Another is that the Concert system, too inadequately applied and for too short a time for Bismarck to have taken it seriously, was also too short-lived to have had any permanent effect on Anglo-German relations. It seems more reasonable to date the beginnings of Anglo-German rivalry from the time when, four years after the Concert idea had collapsed, Gladstone was succeeded by Salisbury and emotionalism in foreign policy was replaced by common sense.

Rachel. By Joanna Richardson.

Reinhardt. 21s.

That she inspired one or two of Matthew Arnold's worst poems, and occupies a place in the theatrical pantheon somewhere between Talma and Bernhardt: so much is all that most of us may know of Rachel. But she is one of the great performers whose genius, even posthumously, cannot be doubted. A daughter of Jewish pedlars, born in Switzerland, she was still a street urchin when she discovered and

decided her vocation—to be nothing less than a classical tragedienne, an ambition which she triumphantly realised at eighteen. Genius has rarely had a remoter rendezvous with its fulfilment, or achieved it with such astounding speed. At twenty, she was electrifying placid English audiences in performances of Racine and Corneille—an even more difficult feat than it would be today.

But today there can be only one good reason for another book on Rachel: an attempt to bring us as close to her art as time will permit, to explain how she mastered it, and what was the secret of the fascination—and terror—she inspired on the stage. This was no doubt Miss Richardson's guiding motive in choosing her subject. But while her approach is sensible and often shrewd, and her narrative very readable, she betrays an uncertain grasp of her crowded material. Superficially at least her work comes dangerously close at times to biography of the 'life-and-loves' variety—complete with select portraits of Rachel's lovers, all looking raffishly saturnine: 'What a set!' as Arnold might have justifiably exclaimed once again. Unfortunately there is no reference to the one among Rachel's admirers who could have been most useful. A Prince George Hohenzollern printed a private pamphlet describing Rachel's acting in minute detail, showing how mercilessly she studied every syllable, controlled her breathing like a diva, completely changed her vocal register from one part to another, and even covered a whole musical scale in a few spoken lines. He makes it clear that Rachel's art drew its strength from a consummate study of detail—to a degree which we can scarcely imagine today.

Can the prince's pamphlet have disappeared altogether from the researcher's reach? Its existence at least should have been well enough known, since it is quoted at some length in an essay by Paul Valéry, from an article in *Le Temps*. Its omission is a capital instance of what can be overlooked when a serious and worth-while study is led astray by the surface glitter of its subject.

An Historian's Approach to Religion

By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford. 21s.

Professor Toynbee must be growing accustomed to unfriendly reviews, but he has only himself to blame if the apparatus he has invented for his Olympian communications—a card-index manipulated, as it seems, by some arbitrary god—sends his readers into reverse. Whenever, reading this volume, we grow irritated, we should recall the modesty of its preface: 'I know very well . . . that I have been presenting one view among many possible alternatives. My object in writing is to ask questions, not to coin dogmas. If any passages in this book seem dogmatic, this is an effect of compression in the writing'.

The question he asks is the question we are all asking: How, in a Technological Culture, are we to achieve a wisdom which will act as a check on man's destructive egoism? He believes, and his life-work in attempting to plot the life-death cycle of cultures confirms this conclusion, that the answer must be in the recovery of a religion. He has thus been driven to adumbrate a *religio historici* which will be relevant to the future implicit in our time. The first part of this book, therefore, is a panoramic account of the growth of religions—what man has done to transcend his self-centredness. But Dr. Toynbee is well aware that the worships of Nature and Man are never entirely exorcised from the human psyche by the Higher Religions, and his analysis is also a sharp exposure of what man's self-centredness has done to religion.

'In the Late Modern Age', he writes, 'the West has transferred its spiritual allegiance from the inspired saint to the invincible technician'.

His description of how this came about—reinforced by long extracts from Bayle, Glanvill, Locke, and Thomas Sprat—is convincing and valuable. Technology, he suggests, became the psychological substitute for the religious fanaticism which had ravaged Europe in the wars of religion, a vent which drew off man's despair and disgust. But the consequent erosion of religion's mythological content left a vacuum which was filled by the only ideology available, nationalism, or as Dr. Toynbee calls it, 'the Idolization of the Parochial Community'. 'Utility', he continues, 'was being pursued as an end in itself; but utility is no sooner attained than it generates power, and power is no sooner attained than it invites idolization'. It follows that when technology is geared into the parochial community there is a convergence of power whose destructive potentiality can be neutralised only by the attainment of an ecumenical community. Dr. Toynbee maintains that a world state must come into existence if human life is to be bearable; but the cost of its imposition will be so deep an inroad into human freedom (he foresees compulsory birth-control) that human nature will have no area left to it for its free expression except in religion. He expects, therefore, that the Higher Religions will reassert themselves at this point where freedom has been radically curtailed.

In his last chapters Dr. Toynbee summons us to consider a vision of the universe in which the human facts of sin and suffering may find their appeasement. His personal attraction towards Buddhism, however, is not allowed to modify his western Christianity by a factitious syncretism. It is one of the strengths of this book that its author refuses to minimise the cultural gulf between 'the whole Judaic group of ideologies and religions—Communism, Liberalism, Christianity, Islam, and their parent Judaism itself—on the one hand . . . and the Buddhist group of philosophies and religions, on the other', for the temptation to do this at the present time, when distance is being annihilated, is very strong. But it is unfortunate that his analysis of the Judeo-Zoroastrian and Indo-Hellenic philosophies of history—responses to the problem of self-centredness which relapsed into a more extreme form of self-centredness—has not led him to a closer examination of the wisdom which China may be able to give the Technological Culture. He recognises, indeed, that the Chinese view of history 'eluded our Indo-Jewish dilemma by a characteristically Chinese feat of deftness and tact', but he makes no reference to the Taoist philosophy of nature which, so deep are its cultural roots, may come to provide a workable check upon the idolisation of techniques. For it is a philosophy *de rerum natura*, rather than a liberalised Higher Religion, which man now needs if he is to preserve the values of his civilisation. We cannot return, at this stage, to a pre-technological world, and a Higher Religion, as Dr. Toynbee conceives it, is too departmentalised, something too much added-on to human living, to act as a principle of cultural integration.

The Mask of Keats. By Robert Gittings.

Heinemann. 16s.

The essays which compose this book are of very varying quality and interest. The two longest, on Keats' debt to Dante, and on *The Cap and Bells*, are solid and illuminating contributions to the study of Keats, and the second of the two is much the best appraisal yet of a neglected and underrated poem. But some of the rest are mere trivialities.

Mr. Gittings' enthusiasm is second only to Amy Lowell's in rating as important any thing, or any person, even remotely connected with Keats. Hence he devotes seven pages, under the

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title 'Cousin Mary and Keats' Hyacinth', to Miss Mary Drury, cousin of John Taylor, Keats' publisher. From a request in a letter to him, please write me out Keats' hyacinth' (so written, without capital, underlining, or quotes) Mr. Gittings deduces a complete poem, 'The Hyacinth', and comments 'The title of a new poem by Keats; though the poem itself be lost, well worth recording'. But is it? And even it is, is that any reason for pursuing the subsequent history of Miss Drury, which has no connection, even the remotest, with Keats? Some readers will feel, not unreasonably, something of the same irritation over the essay 'Keats' father, and the problem, equally important and insoluble, of where he came from. And both this essay and that on the death-mask illustrate a quality in Mr. Gittings which often exasperating. He has both enthusiasm and scholarship, but the first is apt to submerge the second; and when the hunt is really up the ordinary criteria for judging evidence seem to have gone with the wind, and his argument, like the haggard, checks at every feather'. He, for example, too honest not to record Fanny Keats' belief that her father was from Cornwall, if he is determined that he is to be a Dorset man, on the strength of a dubious literal interpretation of a probably metaphorical remark of Severn's. But to suit another part of the argument he has to point out that Severn was notoriously inaccurate and that by Lulworth he probably meant Holworth. As to the death-mask and its relation to the Severn portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, what Severn said, three months after Keats' death, was that he had begun a small whole length 'from last casting him at Hampstead' and that he needed no casts of the mask 'to finish the picture now'. Mr. Gittings is emphatic that Severn as painting from the casts, or, most improbably, 'from the original matrix'. Anyone who will compare the nose in the two Severn portraits (reproduced in Colvin's *Life*), in the death-mask (also in Colvin, but the reproduction in Selincourt's edition is the more significant cause of the angle), and in the death-mask, will probably conclude that Severn was, rightly, trusting to his memory rather than to the death-mask.

But these are perhaps rather niggling criticisms, and when Mr. Gittings is at his best, as in the two essays first mentioned, and in 'Rouilus to Cressida', with its undoubtedly correct placing of 'Ah herte mine!', he lays students and lovers of Keats under a debt. He cannot afford to be lulled into uncritical security, but again and again an unexpected light is vividly illuminated.

The American Woman: a Historical Study. By Eric John Dingwall. Duckworth. 25s.

The history of social anthropology and especially of that branch which seeks to establish and account for racial differences is beset with damaged scientific reputations. And this is not surprising, for the deeper one investigates superficial differences, the more likely they are to urge in fundamental identifications, a state of affairs which is in keeping with the fact that babies of different races do not seem to vary much in their behaviour.

Mr. Dingwall is apparently aware of the dangers incidental to his profession; indeed in his preface he seeks to disarm possible criticism in the disclaimer 'this volume makes no attempt to be a scientific and objective study of "American Woman"'. On the other hand he takes occasion to disparage the results obtained by the more disciplined methods now generally employed by sociologists and social

historians and is therefore under obligation to establish that his own methods are more reliable and more fruitful.

Briefly his thesis is as follows: the American woman is a victim of ideas firmly implanted by an originally Puritan theocracy. Following the weakening of religious authoritarianism these precepts went 'sour' and, with the development of a man-made industrial civilisation, the gulf between the sexes widened. Woman achieved a dominant position in the home, in the education of children and in the social scene; but 'with feminism triumphant she lost her femininity and with her femininity her peace of mind'. Infantilism and immaturity spread and internal conflict increased, leading in turn to increased frustration, restlessness, neurosis, sexual disability, and unhappiness.

The method Mr. Dingwall employs to support the various items of this thesis is reminiscent of the salad days of armchair anthropology: for although he is himself not unfamiliar with conditions in the United States, he prefers to analyse and interpret the various statements that have been made about the 'American Woman' by native and foreign authors (his reference list includes well over 800 citations ranging from the early seventeenth century to the present day). Mr. Dingwall has however omitted the precaution of giving any assessment of their comparative value, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with their very copiousness, is likely to give rise to confusion in the mind of the unorientated reader to say nothing of misapprehension in the mind of the author. This is the more unfortunate since by far the longest part of his book is devoted to a consideration of the sometimes contrasting sexual habits and opinions of American men and women during the past two centuries, a subject concerning which reliable information is hard to come by.

In both sociological and psychological respects the author is an eclectic and finds himself in the usual eclectic's dilemma, namely, of apportioning the relative significance of the various factors he enumerates. Moreover, no one of these factors can be regarded as specific to American civilisation. His most striking examples of American prudery, for example, could be matched in the history of any European society; and the same can be said of any of the data he presents whether they deal with religious, industrial, sexual, or even unconscious factors. Inevitably therefore the validity of his thesis must depend on the specific weighting and interaction of different elements in a complex of factors. Apart from the few generalisations with which the book sets out, no such specific weighting is given; the reader is left to form his own conclusions, a task in which he will not be assisted by his masculine, or as the case may be, her feminine prejudices.

All the same the book does contain some interesting information concerning the battle of the sexes and on that strictly limited score can be recommended to the general reader.

The Fatal Decisions. Six Decisive Battles of the Second World War from the viewpoint of the vanquished. Introduction by Cyril Falls. Michael Joseph. 25s.

The six battles are the battles of Britain, Moscow, El Alamein, Stalingrad, Normandy, and the Ardennes. Each is recounted by a German general who was closely involved, and thus the most impressive thing about this book is the fact that it adds nothing, either by way of factual knowledge or of interpretation, to the conclusions that have already been reached in this country concerning the course of the second world war.

New factual knowledge was hardly to be expected. The German collapse was so complete that captured archives and the interrogation of prisoners yielded an almost total picture—or so it seemed to those who have worked on these records—as soon as the dust had settled. But it is still comforting to learn that General Zeitler, for example, Hitler's immediate subordinate during the battle of Stalingrad, can contribute nothing new except to our sense of atmosphere and local colour, or that General Kreipe, Chief Operations Officer to Luftflotte III in 1940, might well have taken his analysis of the Battle of Britain from books published in this country as long ago as 1950.

There was more room, perhaps, for new interpretations, for views that attempted to throw new light on the facts of the war. Even here, however, the six contributors and General Westphal, Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief West in 1944-45, who provides the connecting narrative, stick closely to the conclusions reached by foreign experts. They rarely attribute blame to Hitler's strategy where impartial observers do not also hold it responsible—an exception here, as Captain Falls points out, is that they too easily accept the view that it was a decision of Hitler's that saved the B.E.F. in its retreat to Dunkirk—and, like those observers, they grant that some of Hitler's most difficult decisions were, militarily, correct.

If Hitler's enormities still figure largely in their accounts, this is not a matter of attempted self-justification but of recorded history. They similarly avoid any tendency to argue that, but for Hitler, Germany would have won the war, suggesting only that, but for Hitler, she would not have begun it. General Westphal, indeed, goes out of his way to emphasise the truth that none of these battles was truly fatal, that 'they did not turn assured German victory into certain defeat' and that 'in view of the power relationships . . . the fundamental and truly fatal decision was the one which was based on Hitler's erroneous assumption that the Western Powers would permit Hitler to destroy Poland without intervening'. And this is also comforting. These conclusions have been reached before, and the book is therefore in no way exciting. But it has to be recognised that if the authors had advanced different conclusions it would have been at the expense of ignoring or distorting the evidence, and their book would then have been disturbing.

The Drunken Forest. By Gerald Durrell.

Hart-Davis. 18s.

This is the story of an animal collecting expedition to South America that went wrong. Not that it was any fault of the author's that he was baulked of success—he made a collection of most interesting and amusing creatures, but the vagaries of local politics and the outbreak of a minor revolution compelled him to liberate most of his animals in order to set himself free.

The disconcerting thing was that the animals he released would not go away, and he devotes an amusing chapter to an account of his efforts to disperse them into their native bush. Durrell lives up to his reputation as a skilful writer in recounting his adventures and describing his animals. He is naturally *sympatico*, and each one of his animals emerges as a very distinct personality—and as always Mr. Durrell sees the humorous side of things and very ably brings it out with a light touch that makes most entertaining reading. The brilliant drawings by Ralph Thompson exactly catch the spirit of the text, which for all its light-heartedness never departs from scientific accuracy when dealing with animals.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

The News of the Week

ON THE ONE HAND, B.B.C. blandness; on the other, I.T.A. self-consciousness: we have our choice of news-giving styles and, speaking for myself, the alternative service suited my mood better last week than the B.B.C. which was not

received a clear and steady picture. There had been a successful ministerial appearance the night before: the Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, in 'Press Conference'. His manner, too, was nicely modulated and undoubtedly the more effective for it, especially in its renunciation of present political passion. Refusing to be entangled emotionally by Francis Williams in Middle East affairs, he passed on to equally instructive discussion of civil aviation and road



Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, being questioned in 'Press Conference' on November 2

so quickly off the mark with its news pictures from Hungary, for example. Sometimes uncomfortably, I.T.A. news reflected the prevailing nervousness. In 'This Week', which is both its answer and its compliment to 'Panorama', it seemed to be tottering on a cliff edge of uncertainty, with a fairly experienced television talker, Tom Hopkinson, forced to gape like a distracted hawk as he waited for cues that were too long in coming. The B.B.C. was unfaltering in applying its super-gloss finish to news bulletins which often did little more than labour what we already knew. Its news reading was as impeccable as always, with Alvar Lidell's inflections stirring ominous echoes of 1939. The news department put us in touch with New York and Washington with conspicuous efficiency and, thanks no doubt to the new Atlantic cable, we heard every word that passed between London and those cities. But it did not bring us pictures as graphic or as red-hot topical as those of the Budapest funerals or the rebels digging up a street with their hands in order to get at secret police in their basement hiding place. Those were I.T.A. picture scoops.

As for the radioed 'stills' intended to embellish B.B.C. news bulletins, some of them illustrated nothing much: a captured frigate in gloomy silhouette, an Israeli tank blurred by desert dust. These merely occupied our screens. They had little more to communicate than the spoken word. What is clever about television reverting to the magic-lantern technique? In short, B.B.C. television news did not distinguish itself in a week of possibly high historical consequence.

More cynical critics of television may have remarked that a week which had begun with ice skating from Richmond was rounded off, on Saturday night, by thin-ice skating from 10 Downing Street. My own comment on the Prime Minister's broadcast is that the occasion was served faithfully by B.B.C. television. We

traffic. Why has B.O.A.C. bought American aircraft? He told us. He also said that London traffic could come to a standstill within a year or two and why. He renewed the justification for 'Press Conference', which is that it should elicit information and display personality.

On both services during the week there were man-in-the-street interviews which were not less futile than that sort of television enterprise usually proves to be. B.B.C. television asked passers-by in Parliament Square or thereabouts to state their views about the House of Commons, whether they think it represents the people, and so on. The people, in reply, were not inspired in their utterances. Associated Rediffusion likewise went forth with camera and microphone to sound public opinion on the Government's action in Egypt. Once again it was shown that *homo* does not mean brightness.

Politics and coal-getting were the chief ingredients of the latest instalment of 'The Edge of Success', Aidan Crawley's series of investi-

gations into current industrial realities. In such a context, the Communist issue was bound to be foremost, and the opinions given at the coal face were more worth hearing than those whipped up for us in the London streets. A particularly revealing part of the programme was that dealing with shop-steward activities. To many of us they will not necessarily seem misguided, far less sinister, in the future. Touching on the Communist influence in unofficial strikes, Sam Watson, the very likable Durham miners' leader, spoke of what he called 'anti-pit' emotions being stronger in antagonising the men; an interesting reflection. We heard of trade union officials earning less than the men of the rank and file. 'Not earning less', one official reminded us—'getting less'. It was television contributing to human understanding and television has nothing better to do. As before in this series, the film camera went about its work not only capably but sympathetically.

An antidote to political turbulence was supplied by 'Zoo Quest', which offered some striking film sequences of Bali dancers engaged in one of their more esoteric rites. Its anthropological value does not come up for reckoning here. As pictorial illustration, it was vivid stuff, though it did not communicate to me the extremity of drama which David Attenborough assured us was the essence of the spectacle seen at first-hand. The zoological requirement was met by shots of a pangolin sauntering up a tree and by ants constructing a leafy retreat without the aid of 'background' music; congratulations to all concerned.

On Sunday night, there came the formal reply of the Leader of the Opposition to the Prime Minister's televised broadcast on Egypt. Sir Anthony Eden had told us that words were not enough. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, to whom, also, television was a diligent servitor, asked us to believe that deeds are too much. Life is very difficult.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Heat of the Sun

THE MOST MOVING DRAMA was not in my scope of television last week, but the voice of Dame Sybil Thorndike declaiming the threnody from 'Cymbeline' lingers in memory. How beautifully she spoke it, and how easily, without a break, she led on into a reminiscence of her own Imogen at the Old Vic after the first world war to a word of gratitude to Lilian Baylis, and ther-



As seen by the viewer:
'Zoo Quest' on November 2
—above, a female lizard;
right, a Balinese dancer
John Cura





Barbara Jefford as Imogen and Derek Godfrey as Iachimo in 'Cymbeline' on October 30

a very brief synopsis of the plot of 'Cymbeline'. It was the sort of introduction which mishandled could have ruined the ensuing scenes, which in the event came up, I thought, a better than they had when I saw them on the stage. For this, credit must go to Michael Elliott who kept Imogen and Iachimo just near enough to engage our attention fully without thrusting them down our throats. The trunk scene is unflinching: Derek Godfrey in his ruminations and Barbara Jefford in her slumber filled imagination fully. It was among the most successful brief screenings of Shakespeare that I can recall.

Paul Vincent Carroll's play 'The Wayward Aint' was less certainly a success; though providing a good deal of entertainment by the way, seemed overlong and fragmentary. Farce with celestial trimmings takes a very persuasive story-line to be acceptable. In 'Shadow and Substance' the disparate elements fused impressively. Here the secular and the sacred fun failed to jell. But Liam Redmond's rubicund priest, Micheál MacLiammoir's baron, and quite a few of the self-consciously characterful faces in the presbytery kept one's eye from wandering.

Best of the week's plays, 'Ah, Wilderness!', one (for me at least) at a moment when escape from real life, for an hour or so, became necessary, and the warmth, sentiment, and affection of O'Neill's charming family play provided just the right bolt-hole. About American accents I refuse to be drawn. Perhaps some people will suggest that there were inconsistencies about the like of this little Connecticut family gathering, but to me it sounded for most of the time convincing enough—and very endearing, too. Alan Gifford's portrait of the father was most sympathetic. George A. Cooper, as uncle Sid, was wonderful when elated and pathetic when sober and remorseful. Estelle Brody and Helen Horton as the mother and the spinster auntie, Sean Barrett as the awkward adolescent who gives the milky such a fright, and Mavis Sage as the callous bad girl were admirably convincing, and—last from one piece of too-ambitious back projection down on the beach, when not merely the waves heaved but the whole skyline—the visual effect was unobtrusively pleasing.

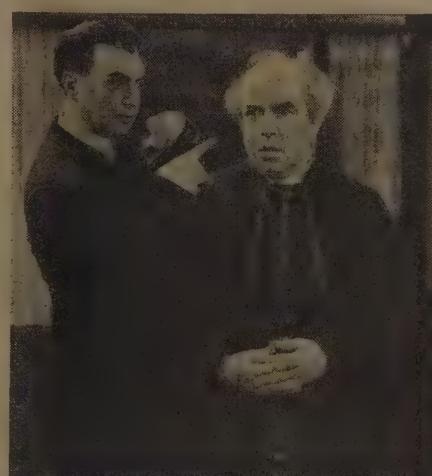
I have made these three dramatic offerings sound lightweight and so, in truth, they were. Is more reason then to find kind words to say about other little programmes which were not once utterly overshadowed? Jimmy Edwards, toolmaster, continues very droll in 'Whacko!', an extension of the Bunter world usually filling up to a spiffing rag before the close of



'Ah, Wilderness!' on November 4 with (left to right) Grant Reddick as Arthur, Mavis Sage as Mildred, Helen Horton as Lily Miller, Estelle Brody as Essie, Sean Barrett as Richard, George A. Cooper as Sid Davis, and Alan Gifford as Nat Miller

each instalment. The slightly improvised quality of the fooling is exhilarating in a world grown too addicted to formulas-for-fun. David Copperfield has now embarked on his career near St. Paul's churchyard and 'Joan' has for a second time gone through the hilarious adventures with that fatal 'recipe'. But it was the old René Clair film 'I Married a Witch' that took the celluloid's limelight this week—even from the puffing and sampling of the Royal Film Show 'River Plate' (which however threw up a good deal of documentary interest, if I may poach on my neighbour's preserve momentarily). Luis del Parana's trio gave us South American and, more specifically, Paraguayan music as a *bonne bouche* on Thursday. Max Jaffa did rather the same on Sunday, with the Meditation from 'Thais', Mme. Markova as a very graceful Autumn Leaf whirling about in the garden outside, and the admirably tuneful and unselfconscious Linden Singers harmonising such things as 'Comin' through the Rye'.

Yes, it has been a quietly pleasant enough week as far as my column is concerned, and yet—can it be that I have seen too much television, that I am sated, that the wonder of the novelty has worn off? I confess to feeling dissatisfied. Nothing, except for the disembodied voice of



Micheál MacLiammoir (left) as Baron Nicholas de Balbus and Liam Redmond as Canon Daniel McCooey in 'The Wayward Saint' on November 1

Dame Sybil quoting 'Fear no more the heat of the sun' has given me any of that exultation which in the long run is the only justification for hours spent in peering in the penumbra. I make it plain, of course, that this is a personal reaction; others may well have found that exultation in the Paul Vincent Carroll play, or in the 'No peace for Dad' episode of the Groves. I did not; and because history was so much on the march outside one's windows, I felt the inadequacy all the more—as though one were sitting in some great cathedral and could find nothing better to do than read some feeble little magazine.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Plain Way

'HE GOES ON THE PLAIN WAY of truth, and will either triumph in his integrity or suffer with it.' Thus Joseph Hall, in 1608, writing of the Honest Man. It could be an epigraph, I think, for either 'Sir Thomas More' from Hall's own day, or the newest work of one of our most quietly sensitive dramatists, R. C. Sherriff's 'The Telescope'. Each has just been broadcast. I write first of Sherriff's play because it is the second year in which radio has had from him a new work of substance, fitted to the stages of the mind and the theatre, and more genuinely urgent than any of the fashionable toys of an hour, the perfume and suppliance of a minute.

Sherriff has many virtues: his utter honesty, his sense of true naturalistic drama, his refusal to patronise his characters. He is not likely to be popular with the cynical, because cynicism wilts before sincerity. He is not popular with those who run after the latest eccentric theatre fad, because his technique is expertly traditional. And he will never satisfy the sulkily dismissive—nibbling a sour grape or so—for he happens to be successful without having asked anyone's leave. Happily, these groups, between them, are a negligible minority, and Sherriff's name is safe in record—not only as the author of 'Journey's End'.

The Light Programme, honouring itself as well as the dramatist by a Sherriff Festival, put on 'The Telescope', a play of searching candour. The idealistic young parson who goes to work in a deplorable, a blighted, East End dockside town, does so because his family built the town a century ago, and he feels he must make atonement to its people. He finds that these



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people are from that strange modern society, the newly enriched working-class. A family may earn as much as £2,000 a year and yet live on in three rooms as it has always done, rejecting the worries and responsibilities of a middle-class life and preferring to be a heedless spendthrift. The Church means nothing to many of them except as a base for weddings, christenings, funerals. What, they ask, can a parson, with his £600 a year, do anyway?

The dramatist begins by studying the general picture of Canterbury in a long and engrossing talk between the old vicar, helpless in a new world, and his successor, eager to explore. Later the play concentrates on the problem of a youth who is very much a child of his age, his class, and his town. Although he can be shown the wider world outside, it is too late for him to forget his upbringing, his smudged notions of black and white, his idea of a parson's function. The piece moves on into sharply sustained drama, the sharper because its problem is real and contemporary, and Sherriff has expressed it without the slightest pretentiousness or any effort to use shock tactics.

I need not say how the plot develops except to add that the dramatist and his principal character keep 'in the plain way of truth': the end is uncompromising, but necessary, and (in Val Gielgud's production) it was acted with proper force by Sebastian Shaw and the boy Bunny May. Earlier, Bryan Powley could call up the old man who had seen his parish pass from him. We shall hear more of 'The Telescope': it is a play and not a fake, it is life and not a sour joke.

'Sir Thomas More' (Third) is another tale of an honest man. Ormerod Greenwood condensed it from that play by divers hands— Dekker, Shakespeare, and so forth—which is typical of its period's pleasure in collaboration. Maybe the dramatists chuckled to think of the lornish furies they would raise.) We hear of More' in these times mainly because it is a prize of the apocrypha, the palaeographer's pet. It is in the famous section by 'Hand D' that Shakespeare is assumed to enter the manuscript. His is More's speech to a crowd that has affinities with a Roman mob—a speech that came through effectively enough in Michael Atwell's production, though I cannot say that many lights flashed up in the mind. Then, as he did throughout, Michael Hordern spoke More with eloquence: the picture of 'a very learned worthy gentleman [who] seals errors with his blood'. That epitaph was uttered by the Earl of Surrey (William Squire) at the end of an execution scene that could not be other than touching.

Earlier, the play is a ringing cave of echoes. No full character emerges from it except the wise and gentle More, though in performance Marjorie Westbury and Denis McCarthy could pass us as two of the insurgents. I wondered again whether a line, 'This tide of rage that with the tides strives', could be a reference to the Cootton Bridge eddy at Stratford, similar to one that Dr. Spurgeon noted in 'Lucrece'. There we can only guess. What did remain from this revival was the figure of the honest man whose word (Hall speaks) 'is his parchment, and his seal his oath, which he will not violate'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sherry Party

SOMETIMES STRIKES ME that a week of listening to the spoken word is rather like attending an enormously prolonged sherry party at which all the other guests are boozing over with what or them is some enthralling discovery, some fascinating bit of information, or perhaps merely a story—'Have you heard this one?'—of which they are panting to disburden themselves. Each

in turn catches my eye and hurries over to me, knowing that he has found a receptacle willing or unwilling for the lot. For instance, no sooner had I switched off and opened my ears last week than I was button-holed by J. B. Ward Perkins who poured out what for me were new and exciting facts about 'Roman Concrete and Roman Palaces', facts which I would gladly have handed on to you, gentle reader, if THE LISTENER had not taken the words out of my mouth by printing the talk last week. It was fascinating, and it started me speculating on why it was that the potentialities of concrete remained unexploited or developed so slowly and so sporadically in the succeeding centuries. Was concrete used in the Dome of Santa Sophia? It certainly was not in Brunelleschi's great cupola in Florence nor, I believe, did Wren employ it centuries later in St. Paul's. A talk dealing with these questions would be, for me at least, extremely interesting.

Hardly had Mr. Perkins released me than Colin Jackson began to tell me, as THE LISTENER told me again three days later, about 'Beneares—The Holy City', and no sooner had he stopped than Michael Sullivan was at me about 'Temples and Temperaments' in Siam, and—to be honest—he told me much more than I could stomach, much less digest, about Siamese architecture which, it seems, has always been abnormally responsive to influences from India, Java, Ceylon, Cambodia, and other countries of whose architecture I have little or no knowledge—a condition which, I fancy, I shared with a large majority of Mr. Sullivan's listeners. This ignorance made it impossible for me to retain anything of Mr. Sullivan's enormously wide survey, which was a pity because he is a good broadcaster.

The series on unwritten novels seems, so far, to have struck a rich vein, but 'rich' is the word not only for William Plomer's contribution to the series but for all his talks. On the other hand 'unwritten' is hardly the right qualification for *Memoirs of an Emigrant*, the novel of which he spoke, since he had written quite a good deal of it on that park bench in Athens before he decided that it was too episodic, didn't hang together, in short, that he was aiming beyond his scope. Such an experience seems to me very disheartening, but Mr. Plomer took it philosophically, and I was glad to hear that at least he saved several short stories out of it and also learned much from the attempt about his own capabilities. Mr. Plomer attributes that early failure to his being a 'displaced person'. To produce a large body of work, he says, a novelist must have roots, like Hugh Walpole. But is large production always a good thing in a novelist?

'Is There a Doctor in the House?' is still going strong. I once questioned whether it is a good thing for us to know much about the various ailments available to the human race. Many people are only too keen to adopt interesting complaints and, if given tips from the horse's mouth, will do their best to acquire them. But last week's instalment, in which the horse was an oculist, was well calculated to reassure those who suffer from cataract and glaucoma. Another hardy perennial, 'Round Britain Quiz', was in full bloom in round two of London v. Midland Region, represented by Cedric Cliffe and Hubert Phillips for London and Thomas Bodkin and H. E. Howard for the Midlands. To the obscure question 'What starts from the bottom of a river, passes through a cavern and ends on the top of a mountain?' Mr. Phillips unhesitatingly replied 'Wagner's "Ring"'. Professor Bodkin made a significant slip in reply to 'How many ingredients should there be in punch, and why?' He replied 'Four: whisky, lemon, sugar, and nutmeg', omitting water—not only a significant

but a vital omission, since the word punch is believed to derive from the Hindi word *panch*, meaning five. I welcome this as a delightful bit of useless information which I have added to my collection. I should add that not only the two teams but the two Quiz-Masters, Lionel Hale and Gilbert Harding, were in the highest fettle. It was a most convivial half hour.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

To Remember—or Not to

THE PROGRAMME that regularly occupies an hour on Monday evenings in the Home Service under the title of 'Music to Remember' reached its century last week. And well it has deserved its success, for by using the fly-bait of some notably popular work, it must have brought to the notice of 'ordinary' listeners a vast amount of eminently memorable music that would otherwise have escaped them. And their attention has been intelligently directed by a number of skilful compères or 'introducers', among them Antony Hopkins, Maurice Jacobson, and Alec Robertson, who have the knack of making good points about music without being too abstruse for the uninstructed. The name of the musicians, including every orchestra in the country and a galaxy of conductors, who have contributed to the series, is legion.

The music offered last week was typical. What marked the occasion as out of the ordinary was the presence, in the dual role of conductor and licensed jester, of Sir Thomas Beecham. He performed both functions to perfection with the assistance of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and an invited audience ready to respond to, and so to stimulate, the suave irony of his sallies upon the public's intelligence. His choice of music was mostly predictable—early Mozart, for the sake of the horns in the Minuet; Delius, whose 'Brigg Fair' was ravishingly played; Massenet's 'Dormition of the Virgin' chosen (I imagine) for its rarity in preference to that other 'sedative lollipop', the 'Meditation' from 'Thais', whose sugar-coating has been sucked off in a hundred Palm Courts. This piece, too, was made memorable by its exquisite performance. And to awaken those who were lulled, there was the bright and brilliant 'España', Rhapsody of Chabrier, which has long been one of Beecham's pet pieces. And now in the current week the second century has begun with a programme of Handel, 'Ombra mai fu' acting as bait to draw attention to neglected treasures.

What else shall be remembered of the week's music-making? Certainly the playing of the Smetana Quartet in works by Janáček and Brahms. The Czech composer's first string quartet opens with a disjointedness that is apt to be disconcerting both to players and audience. The Smetana Quartet made light of its appalling difficulties, playing the music in a way that showed a complete intimacy with it, and so revealing the full beauty of the sustained musical thought into which its jagged utterances ultimately cohere. After this, Brahms' Quartet in B flat might well have sounded rather stuffy, but the players succeeded in avoiding the effect of congestion in the texture that is always a danger here. Another chamber-concert brought a performance by the Wigmore Ensemble of Rawsthorne's Quartet for clarinet and strings to remind us that he could do better than the Violin Concerto we heard the week before. This incisive work with its sharp tang was well set off by E. J. Moeran's more romantic and pastoral Fantasy for oboe and strings.

Memorable too, as a fruit of municipal patronage, was the first performance of Michael Tippett's Pianoforte Concerto commissioned for the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra who played it with Louis Kentner under the direction of Rudolf Schwarz. Whether it is a good con-



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certo I am not prepared to say after hearing a single broadcast performance. It is certainly the work of a thoughtful musician. Tippett is no 'simple bird who thinks two notes song'. As we know from his written and spoken words, he is given to involved thinking, and his music is not free from the charge of failing to make its meaning clear by precision of phrase and lucidity of texture. His avowed intention in the concerto is to avoid both the percussive clash and chatter of the modern 'neo-classical' school and the rhetorical 'big bow-wow' of the nineteenth-century composers. A hearing of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto is said to have stimulated him to compose this work, but the stimulus has certainly not induced imitation. I suspect that he has established, or come near to establishing, a

new relationship between soloist and orchestra. The solo is a great deal more than an *obbligato* in the old concerto style, but it does not dominate the work in the manner of the classical concerto as practised by Mozart and Beethoven. One could not tell whether he has really succeeded because he has cluttered up the texture of his music with so much busy counterpoint and heavy ornament, that it was exceedingly difficult to make out exactly what was happening. There was one passage at the end of the slow movement where the seething broth of notes subsided and we were allowed to hear what real poetic utterance the composer is capable of making. I fancy a blue pencil mercifully used might make this a memorable work indeed. It stood in the programme between two

formidable masterpieces, Mozart's G minor Symphony and the 'Eroica'. Of these the orchestra gave good workmanlike performances that displayed the quality of the Birmingham strings and the weakness of the winds, whose failings may well have affected the impression created by the concerto in which the wood-winds are kept extremely busy.

Neither of the two novelties played in the Third by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens on Friday and Saturday struck me as likely to qualify for a place in the Home Service on Monday evenings. This programme included Schumann's stodgy semi-symphony and Bax's Second, in which he came nearest to success in concentrating his wayward thoughts into symphonic form.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Octogenarian Master

By JOAN CHISSELL

Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, November 16, and 9.15 p.m. the following day (both Third)

WHEN casting around in music for a figure comparable with Vaughan Williams, who celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday last month, it is Verdi who immediately comes to mind; both could be described as men great in extra-musical ideals no less than in musical achievement, while in the sphere of composition both belong to that small and select number of artists who have been privileged to grow old in years while retaining their creative imagination in all the vigour of youth.

But there the similarity ends, for whereas Verdi devoted his whole life to the development and perfection of just one chosen medium, Vaughan Williams has always been a man of many parts, anxious to give back as much in his music to as many differing members of the community as have inspired him in devious or direct, trivial or momentous ways. In fact the older he has grown, the greater has become his eagerness to leave no possible channel of communication unexplored. As a septuagenarian he startled his friends by suddenly confessing to a secret hankering to write film-music. Since then he has provided the mouth organ and tuba with a concerto apiece, he has experimented with the problematical form of melodrama in his 'An Oxford Elegy', and he has written his first sonata for violin and piano besides composing a 'Morality', 'The Pilgrim's Progress' for Covent Garden ministering to choirs and orchestras, however humble, with 'occasional' music; and, last but not least, bringing his canon of symphonies up to the number of eight.

The extraordinary diversity of Vaughan Williams' activity in recent years, together with the fact that some of this music has been *Gebräuchsmusik* involving a measure of simplification, makes it difficult to generalise about his sense of direction in this Indian summer of his life. But since his seventieth birthday in 1942 he has produced no fewer than four of his total of eight symphonies, and it is to these that we must look for the quintessence of his development.

Having startled the world with the violence of his Fourth Symphony shortly before the war, he reappeared in 1943 with the Symphony No. 5 in D, a work which, in its spiritual serenity, expressed for the most part in modally-tinged, smooth-flowing counterpoint, seemed so complete a summarisation of all that was most characteristic of him throughout life that many people envisaged it as his last word in this medium. The orchestra involved is a modest one, and the only feature of the symphony suggesting

a desire to explore new ground is in the Sibelius-like gradual growth (the Symphony is dedicated to the Finnish master) of the themes announced as mere snippets at the opening of the first movement.

In five years, however, there came startling evidence that far from having settled down in a state of retrospective benignity, Vaughan Williams was striking out farther than ever before towards an 'unknown region'. In the Sixth Symphony (1948) there is not only the urgent violence (together with the semitone conflict) of the earlier Fourth Symphony, but also a new, sinister note of foreboding which finds expression first and foremost through the scoring; in the remarkable epilogue, for instance, where a bleak fugal subject is taken up in turn by solitary instrumental families moving with the quiet, flat expressionlessness of ghosts, the composer seems more ready than ever before to evoke atmosphere in his music by means of tone colour and dynamics.

We know that his imagination was haunted at the time by polar wastes of ice and snow, and when he ultimately decided to recast some of the material from his incidental music to the film 'Scott of the Antarctic' (1948) as a 'Sinfonia Antartica' (1953), then he provided irrefutable proof of something little short of a revolution in his musical style as harp, celesta, piano, organ, triangle, cymbals, side-drum, bass-drum, gong, bells, glockenspiel, xylophone, vibraphone, wind machine and wordless women's voices unite with normal symphonic instruments to produce atmospheric music imagined in terms of sonority rather than as part of a thematic argument. For a pupil of Parry, who, as Vaughan Williams tells us, 'was always very insistent on the importance of form as opposed to colour', and who 'had an almost moral abhorrence of mere luscious sound', the composition of this work indicated a change almost as remarkable in a man of eighty as would have been the case had the mature Brahms suddenly decided to compose a sister piece for 'The Ride of the Valkyries'. Needless to say it was done for a special descriptive purpose and is not likely to be repeated. But the 'Antarctica' may help to explain the surprising, late inspiration which Vaughan Williams has found in the timbre of the harmonica and the tuba, for instance, and with the 'Antarctica' in mind the listener is certainly in a far better position to appraise the composer's most recent Symphony No. 8 in D minor, first performed by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra in Manchester on May 2 of this year.

That Vaughan Williams is still bemused with tone-colour *per se* in this most concise and objective of his eight symphonies is obvious from his haunting use of the vibraphone and the celesta in the first movement, from his scoring of the second and third movements for wind and strings alone respectively, also from his own admission that the finale commandeers all the 'phones and 'spiels' known to him. But though much of the work's inspiration seems to come from the instruments themselves, the creation of atmosphere by means of novel sonority is not its prime purpose; here the thematic argument counts for just as much as colour. The composer, in fact, is like a man who has returned to his normal way of life after a brief, intoxicating flirtation, which, though past, has perhaps subconsciously coloured his imagination for ever.

The opening movement is cast in variation form, not variations *on* a theme, like the finale of the recent Violin Sonata, but variations 'in search of a theme', as the composer has put it. In other words, only three of the briefest motives (all sharply defined by means of instrumental colour) are put forward in the initial *moderato* section, and it is these which are varied in the course of the remaining six sections of the movement without ever growing from motives into anything as complete in themselves as real themes. But they do give birth to a new 'choral-like' passage for strings and harp in the third section, which, when it is recapitulated in fuller, richer scoring to form an exultant climax towards the end of the movement, suggests strongly that here, indeed, is the theme for which the variations were searching.

This opening fantasia is perhaps the most original and distinctive movement of the four, alike in subtlety of orchestration and form. The following *scherzo alla marcia* for wind only is a wholly objective, extravert and diverting ternary form movement with its themes called into being, as it were, by the intrinsic nature of each instrument or instrumental family. The cavatina for strings is a return to a familiar, modally-tinged, contrapuntal style of meditation, though perhaps with a darker, autumnal tinge in the scoring in place of the composer's earlier incandescence. A single stroke of cymbal, bell, gong and harp gives warning of the joyful noise to come in the concluding D major Toccata. Here all the 'phones and 'spiels' unite in a naively conventional happy ending to the symphony such as only a fearlessly unconventional explorer would ever have dared to write.

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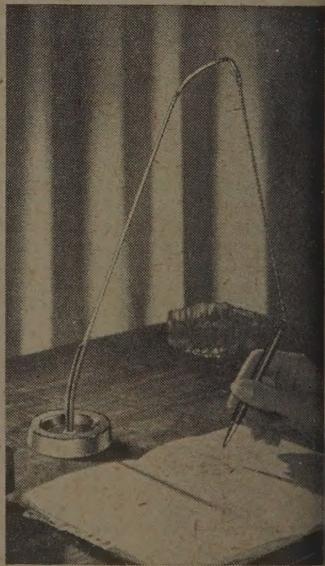
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

GRATIN DAUPHINOIS

In A BIG bowl mix two pounds of sliced, raw potatoes with salt, fresh-ground pepper, a whiff of nutmeg, and a clove of garlic chopped and pounded. Allow to stand for thirty minutes, turning over now and then. Grease a baking-dish well. Layer it with potato and six ounces of fine-shredded, soft cheese, dotted with butter, making cheese the top layer. Beat two small eggs with a cup of milk, lightly seasoned. Pour this over the potatoes, and sprinkle the top with grated, hard cheese. Put in a moderate oven until the potatoes are baked and the top is brown. An hour should be long enough. You may substitute grated onion for the garlic, and simplify it to your liking otherwise.

VICTOR MACCLURE

ENGLISH STEAK-POT

Fry sliced onions till brown in good beef-dripping, then brown the steak. Take it out, put in some sliced carrot and chopped swedes, and fry them. Shake in a tablespoon of medium oatmeal, and crisp that. Put back the steak, add a cupful of seasoned stock, place a little celery on top with a bouquet of herbs. Cover, and cook in a moderate oven for two hours.

VICTOR MACCLURE

USING UP STALE BREAD

A problem I think we all share at times is how not to waste bread. The first obvious thing is to be careful in our buying. But what do we do when we have it left over? Crusts can be gently baked until a rich golden brown, then rolled out or put through a mincer. These raspings, stored in a tin, are useful for finishing off so many dishes. Similarly, crusts can be more slowly

baked—so slowly that they just harden without changing colour perceptibly. These are the ones to use for the egg-and-breadcrumb coating for frying. I might emphasise this for beginners: you should never use the darker raspings for frying because they obviously get much darker during frying. Then, again, stale bread can be cut into dice and fried for serving with certain soups, or added with other savoury tit-bits to omelets or scrambled eggs. Fried or toasted bread cut into triangles makes an attractive garnish for mince or certain stews. All sorts of savoury mixtures can be served on *croûtes* of fried bread, and there is an endless variety of sweet puddings to be made from bread and breadcrumbs. Bread puddings are so often despised because at school or elsewhere in youth one has been nauseated by badly made ones. But how tempting they can be when properly made.

Here is an example of the old-fashioned type of bread pudding that can be boiled or baked—the baked one can be epicurean. For, say, six people, you want about half a pound of bread—crusts are excellent for this. Cover them with cold water and soak for an hour. The most important point after soaking is to squeeze the bread out very dry. Then mash it up with a fork. In adding your fruit go to the trouble of using those lovely Valencia raisins that you have to stone. I like butter or margarine for this pudding in preference to suet, the flavour is so much better. Brown sugar, too, is preferable to white. Add some grated nutmeg and—this is very important—add only sufficient liquid, milk and egg, to make it just a dropping consistency. Butter your pie-dish and bake it in a moderate oven till set and brown. Turn it out when cooked and sprinkle a little sugar on top.

ANN HARDY

SCOTTISH POTATO SCONES

You will need:

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb of cooked potatoes
About 2 oz. of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter
Salt

Boil the potatoes, and mash them up with the butter in a bowl. Add salt to taste. Turn out on to a well-floured board, and have two ounces of flour on right-hand top corner of board. Proceed to rub in as much flour as the potato will absorb, and work it all into a pliable dough. Roll out as thinly as possible and bake on what we call a hot girdle (maybe you know it better as a hot plate), or you can use an iron frying pan. After placing on the girdle prick all over with a fork. Cook for three minutes on each side. Allow to cool by wrapping in a clean cloth.

Spread thickly with butter and eat at tea.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

AUDREY RICHARDS, C.B.E. (page 740): Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge; Director, East African Institute of Social Research, Makerere College, Kampala, 1950-1956; author of *Economic Development and Tribal Change*, etc.

FRANK KERMODE (page 745): Lecturer in English, Reading University

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REV. J. N. SANDERS (page 753): Fellow and Dean of Peterhouse College, Cambridge University

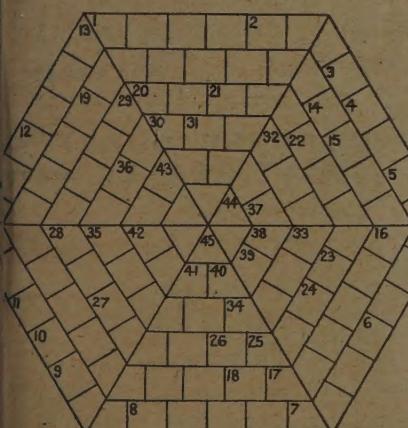
Crossword No. 1,380.

Hexagrammata—IV.

By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The word-chain, beginning at 1 and running clockwise to the centre of the puzzle, consists of twenty-six words, comprising the author's full name, the title of the verse, and the verse.

Lyric: The divine shows how a little worker avoids being slack and tricksome.

CLUES

Where the words are indirect, three numbers will suffice to show the running of the words. Unless otherwise stated the words required are actual.

- 1-13-19. Time to get up (mixed) (4)
- 2-3-14. Saintly vigilance (mixed) (5)
- 6-7-17. 'Impelled by invisible —' (mixed) (5)
- 6-24-25. Jonson's gentle apparition (mixed) (5)
- 8-40. Dryden's valiant floral men (mixed) (5)
- 12-28. Orsino turned into it (mixed) (4)
- 15-33. An animal had an iron one (mixed) (4)
- 16-5-4. St. Paul's apostolic position, comparatively speaking (5)
- 20-30-36. There's no place like it (mixed) (4)
- 21-29. Make light of it by sleeping, suggests Dekker (mixed) (4)
- 31-37. How a Master began a Stevenson song (4)
- 22-32-44. Raised against the Psalmist (4)

Solution of No. 1,378



64, 54, 37, 43, 60, 50, 33, 18	1, 11, 28
P H I L E M O N A N D	
22, 5, 15, 32, 38, 48 — 63, 53, 59, 49, 34, 44	
B A U C I S — G O U N O D	
27, 17, 2, 12, 6, 16, 31	21, 36, 51
P E B L L E A S A N D	
57, 42, 2a, 10, 4, 19, 29, 14, 8 — 23, 40, 55, 61, 46, 52, 58	
M E L I S A N D E — D E B U S S Y	
41, 35, 20, 26, 9, 3, 13 — 7, 24, 30, 45, 39, 56, 62, 47	
A B I A D N E — M A S S E N E T	

NOTES

D. J. 'Samson and Delilah'; E. 'Bohemian Girl'; F. Q. 'Hansel and Gretel'; G. 'Valkyrie'; H. N. 'Tales of Hoffmann'; I. 'Così fan Tutti'; L. 'Flying Dutchman'; M. 'Mariage de Figaro'; O. Massenet's 'Herodiade'; P. 'Rheingold'; R. 'Otello'.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: William Watts (Westcliff-on-Sea); 2nd prize: E. C. Hunt (Great Yarmouth); 3rd prize: W. C. Tame (Hindhead).

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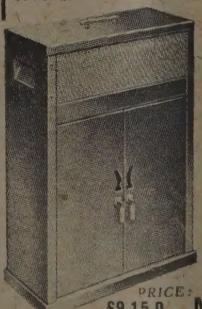


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